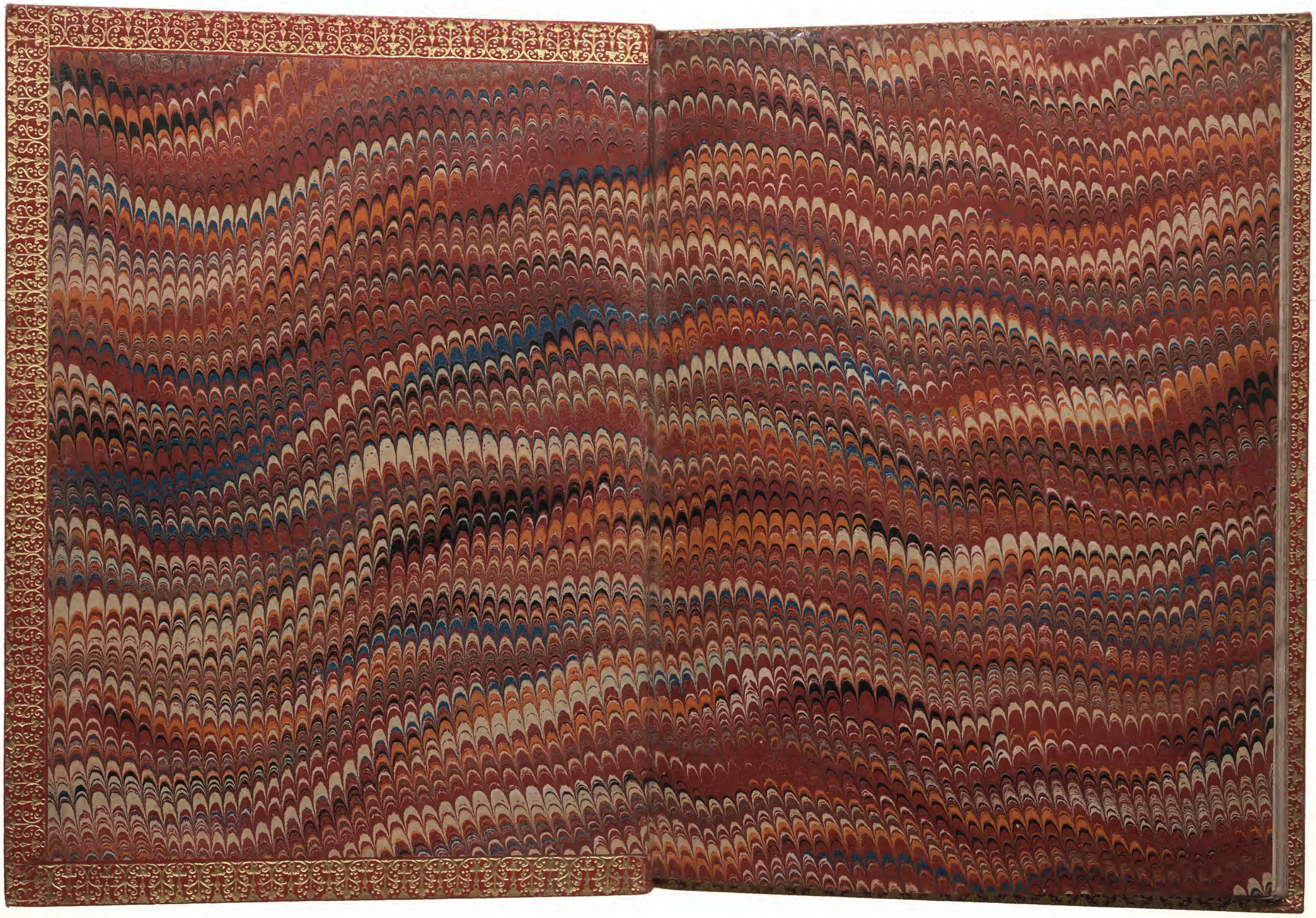

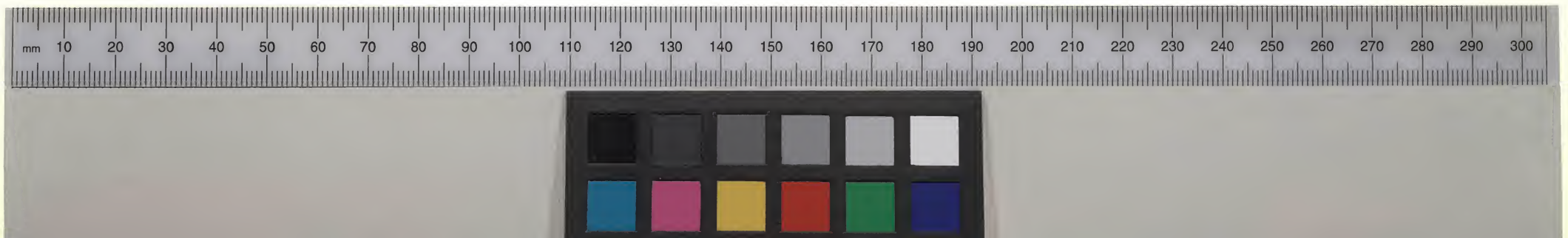
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THE
Tragœdy of Othello,
The Moore of Venice.

As it hath beene diuerſe times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by *his Maieſties Seruants.*

Written by VVilliam Shakeſpeare.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe in Chancery-Lane, neere Sergeants-Inne.
1630.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Tragedy of Othello *the Moore of* Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Rod. TVſh; Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this,
Iag. But you'le not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate,
Iag. Deſpiſe me if I doe not: three great ones of the Citty
In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purpoſes,
Euades them, with a bumbaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of warre:
Non-ſuits my Mediators: for certes, (ſayes he)
I haue already choſe my Officer, and what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetitian,
One *Michael Caſsio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damb'd in a faire wife,
That neuer ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diuiſion of a Battell knowes,
More then a Spinſter, vnleſſe the bookiſh Theorique,
Wherin the tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he: meere prattle without practiſe,
Is all his Souldier-ſhip: but he ſir had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeene the proofe,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,
Chriſtn'd and Heathen, muſt be be-leed and calm'd,
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caſter:

He (in good time) must his Leiutenant be,
And I Sir (bleſſe the marke) his Mooreſhips Ancient.
Rod. By heauen I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iag. But ther's no remedy,
Tis the curſe of ſeruice,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the olde gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heire to the firſt:
Now ſir be iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I, in any iuſt tearme am affin'd
to loue the Moore?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iag. O ſir, content you,
I follow him to ſerue my turne vpon him,
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truely followed, you ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue,
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Weares out his time much like his maſters Aſſe,
For nought but prouender, and when hee's old caſhierd,
Whip mee ſuch honeſt knaues:
Others there are,
Who trim'd in formes and viſſages of duty,
Keepe yet their hearts, attending on themſelues,
And throwing but ſhewes of ſeruice on their Lords;
Doe well thriue by 'em,
And when they haue lin'd their coates,
Doe themſelues homage,
Thoſe fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one do I profeſſe my ſelfe,----for ſir,
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my iudge, not I,
For loue and duty, but ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart,
In complement externe, tis not long after,

But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeue,
For Dawes to pecke at,
I am not what I am.
Rod. What a full fortune does the thicklips owe,
If he can carry't thus?
Iag. Call vp her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaime him in the ſtreet, incenſe her Kinſmen,
And tho he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flyes: tho that his ioy be ioy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation out,
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rod. Here is her fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.
Iag. Doe with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous Cities.
Rod. What ho, *Brabantio*, Seignior *Brabantio*, ho,
Iag. Awake, what ho, *Brabantio*,
Theeues, theeues, theeues:
Looke to your houſe, your Daughter, and your bags,
Theeues, theeues.

Brabantio *at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iag. Are your doores lockt?
Bra. Why wherefore aske you this?
Iag Sir you are robd, for ſhame put on your gowne,
Your heart is burſt you haue loſt halfe your ſoule;
Euen now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe; ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Dinell will make a Grandſire of you, ariſe I ſay.
Bra. What, haue you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reuerend Seignior, doe you know my voice?
Bra. Not I, what are you?
Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worſe welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honeſt plainneſſe, thou haſt heard me ſay
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet?

Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir.

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure
My ſpirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good ſir

Bra. What, tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My houſe is not a graunge.

Rod. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule I come to you.

Iag. Sir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerue God, if the Deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to doe you ſeruice, you thinke wee are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary horſe; youle haue your Nephewes neigh to you; youle haue Courſers for Couſens, and Gennets for *Germans*.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iag. I am one ſir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the Moore, are now making the Beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villaine.

Iag. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere, I know thee *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing: But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelier*,
To the groſſe claſpes of a laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wee then haue done you bold and ſawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleeue

That

That from the ſeuſe of al ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue,
I ſay againe) hath made a groſſe reuolt,
Tying her duty, beautie, wit and fortunes,
In an extrauagant and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: Straight ſatisfie your ſelfe;
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Iuſtice of the ſtate,
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, Ho:
Giue me a taper, call vp all my people:
This accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me already:
Light I ſay, light.

Iag. Farewell, for I muſt leaue you,
It ſeemes not meet, nor wholeſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I ſtay I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moore, for I doe know the ſtate,
(How euer this may gaule him with ſome checke)
Cannot with ſafety caſt him, for hee's imbark'd,
With ſuch loud reaſon, to the Cipres warres,
(Which euen now ſtands in act) that for their ſoules,
Another of his fathome, they haue none
To lead their buſineſſe, in which regard,
Tho I doe hate him, as I doe hells paines,
Yet for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag, and ſigne of loue,
Which is indeed but ſigne, that you ſhall ſurely find him
Lead to the Sagittary the raiſed ſearch,
And there will I be with him. So farewell.

Exit.

Enter Brabantio *in his night gowne, and ſeruants with Torches.*

Bra. It is too true an euill, gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſſe now *Rodorigo*,

Where

Where didſt thou ſee her? O vnhappy girle!
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know twas ſhe? (O ſhe deceiues me
Paſt thought,) what ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers,
Raiſe all my kindred, are they married thinke you?
Rod. Truely I thinke they are.
Bra. O heauen, how got ſhe out? O treaſon of the blood;
Fathers from hence, truſt not your daughters mindes,
By what you ſee them act: is there not charmes,
By which the property of youth and manhood
May be abus'd? haue you not read *Roderigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing.
Rod. Yes ſir, I haue indeed.
Bra. Call vp my Brother: O would you had had her,
Some one way, ſome another; doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and goe along with mee.
Bra. Pray you lead on, at euery houſe Ile call,
I may command at moſt: get weapons ho,
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Roderigo*, Ile deſerue your paynes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with Torches.*
Iag. Tho in the trade of warre, I haue ſlaine men,
Yet doe I hold it very ſtuffe o'th conſcience,
To doe no contriu'd murther; I lacke iniquity
Sometimes to doe me ſeruice: nine or ten times,
I had thought to haue jerk'd him here,
Vnder the ribbes.
Oth. Tis better as it is.
Iag. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy and prouoking tearmes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue,
I did full hard forbeare him: but I pray ſir,
Are you faſt married? For be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much beloued,
And hath in his effect, a voyce potentiall,

As double as the Dukes, he will diuorce you,
Or put vpon you what reſtraint, and greeuance,
The law (with all his might, to inforce it on,)
Weele giue him cable.
Oth. Let him doe his ſpite,
My ſeruices which I haue done the Seigniorie,
Shall out-tongue his complaints, tis yet to know,
Which when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate, I fetch my life and being,
From men of royall height, and my demerrits,
May ſpeake vnbonneted as proud a fortune
As this that I haue reach'd; for know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not, my vnhouſed free condition,
Put into cicumſcription and confine
For the ſeas worth, *Enter* Caſſio *with lights, Officers,*
But looke what lights come yonder? *and torches.*
Iag. Theſe are the raiſed Father and his friends,
You were beſt go in.
Oth. Not I, I muſt be found,
My parts, my Title, and my perfect ſoule,
Shall manifeſt my right by: is it they?
Iag. By *Ianus* I thinke no.
Oth. The ſeruants of the Duke, and my Leiutenant?
The goodneſſe of the night vpon you (friends,)
What is the newes?
Caſ. The Duke does greet you (Generall,)
And he requires your haſt, poſt-haſt appearance,
Euen on the inſtant.
Oth. What's the matter thinke you?
Caſ. Something from *Cipres*, as I may diuine,
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heate, the Galleyes
Haue ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night one at anothers heeles:
And many of the Conſuls rais'd, and met,
Are at the Dukes already; you haue bin hotly cald for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent aboue three ſeuerall queſts

To search you out.

Oth. Tis well I am found by you,
I will but spend a word here in the house, and goe with you.

Cas. Auncient, what makes he here?

Ia Faith he to night, hath boorded a land Carriack,
If it prooue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.

Cas. I doe not vnderstand.

Ia Hee's married.

Cas. To whom.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, *and others with lights and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to— Come Captaine, will you goe?

Oth. Ha'with you.

Cas. Here comes another troupe to seeke for you.

Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduisde,
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla, stand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him thiefe.

Iag. You *Roderigo*, come sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keepe vp your bright swords, for the dew will rust em,
Good Seignior you shall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foule theefe, where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Damb'd as thou art, thou hast inchanted her,
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in chaines of magick were not bound)
Whether a maide so tender, faire, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shund
The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,
Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the sooty bosome
Of such a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight:
Judge me the world, if t'is not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practisd on her with foule charmes,
Abusd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weakens motion: Ile haue't disputed on;

Tis

Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant:
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe resist,
Subdue him at his perill.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should haue known it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
To answere this your charge?

Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer,

Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To beare me to him.

Officer. Tis true most worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if such actions, may haue passage free,
Bondslaues, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Senators, set at a Table, with lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these newes,
That giues them credit.

1 *Sena.* Indeed they are disproportioned,
My letters say, a hundred and seuen Gallies,

Du. and mine an hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred:

But

But though they iumpe not on a iuſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where they ayme reports,
Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing vp to *Cipres*.
Du. Nay, it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I doe not ſo ſecure me to the error,
But the mayne Article I doe approue
In fearefull ſenſe *Enter a Meſſenger.*
One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?
Officer. A meſſenger from the Galleys,
Du. Now, the buſineſſe?
Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior *Angelo*.
Du. How ſay you by this change?
Sena. This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon—
Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze: when we conſider
The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turke*:
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſt in: if we make thought of this,
We muſt not thinke the *Turke* is ſo vnskilfull,
To leaue that lateſt which concernes him firſt:
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſſe.
Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for *Rhodes*.
Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2 Meſſenger.*
Meſ. The *Ottomites*, reuerend and gratious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted them with an after fleete,
1 *Sena.* I, ſo I thought, how many, as you gueſſe.
Meſ. Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe reſterne
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
Their purpoſes towards *Cyprus*: Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,

With

With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.
Du. Tis certaine then for *Cyprus*,
Marcus Luccicos is not he in towne?
1 *Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.
Du. Write from vs to him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caſſio, Deſdemona, *and Officers.*

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.
Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imploy you,
Againſt the generall enemy *Ottoman*;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lackt your counſell, and your helpe to night.
Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath rais'd me from my bed, not doth the generall care
Take hold of me, for my particular griefe,
Is of ſo floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.
Du. Why, whats the matter?
Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.
All. Dead?
Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and corrupted,
By ſpels and medicines, bought of Mountebanckes,
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witchcraft could not.
Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne ſenſe, yea tho our proper ſonne
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;

Here

Here is the man, this Moore, whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very ſorry for't.

Du. What in your owne part can you ſay to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, graue and reuerend Seigniors,
My very noble and approou'd good Maſters:
That I haue tane away this old mans daughter,
It is moſt true: true, I haue married her,
The very head and front of my offending,
Hath this extent, no more. Rude I am in my ſpeach,
And little bleſt with the ſet phraſe of peace,
For ſince theſe armes of mine had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now ſome nine Moones waſted, they haue vs'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More then pertaines to feates of broyles, and battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe; yet by your gratious patience,
I would a round vnuarniſh'd tale deliuer,
Of my whole courſe of loue, what drugs, what charmes,
What coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For ſuch proceedings am I charg'd withall:)
I wonne his Daughter.

Bra. A maiden neuer bold,
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſht at her ſelfe: and ſhe in ſpight of nature,
Of yeares, of Country, credit, euery thing,
To fall in loue with what ſhe fear'd to looke on?
It is a iudgement maimd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſſe perfection ſo would erre
Againſt all rules of Nature, and muſt be driuen
To find out practiſes of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be, I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome mixtures powerfull ore the blood,
Or with ſome dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought vpon her.

Du.

Du. To vouch this is no proofe,
Without more certaine and more ouert teſt,
Theſe are thin habits, and poore likelihoods,
Of moderne ſeemings, you preferre againſt him.

1 *Sena.* But *Othello* ſpeake,
Did you by indirect and forced courſes,
Subdue and poiſon this young maides affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch faire queſtion,
As ſoule to ſoule affordeth?

Oth. I doe beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagittary,
And let her ſpeake of me before her Father;
If you doe finde me foule in her report,
The truſt, the Office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your ſentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

Du. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither. *Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient conduct them, you beſt know the place;
And till ſhe come, as truely as to heauen
I doe confeſſe the vices of my bloud,
So iuſtly to your graue eares I'le preſent,
How I did thriue in this faire Ladyes loue,
And ſhe in mine.

Du. Say it *Othello.*

Oth. Her father loued me, oft inuited me,
Still queſtioned me the ſtory of my life,
From yeare to yeare, the battailes, ſeiges, fortunes
That I haue paſt:
I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh dayes,
Toth' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moouing accidents, by flood and field;
Of haire-breadth ſcapes ith' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlauery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my trauells hiſtorie;
Wherein of Antars vaſt, and Deſarts idle,
Rough quaries, rockes and hills, whoſe heads touch heauen,

It

It was my hint to ſpeake, ſuch was my proceſſe:
And of the *Cannibals*, that each other eate;
The *Anthropophagie*, and men whoſe heads
Doe grow beneath their ſhoulders: theſe to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe affaires would draw her thence,
Which euer as ſhe could with haſt diſpatch,
Shee'd come againe, and with a greedy eare
Deuoure up my diſcourſe; which I obſeruing,
Tooke once a plyant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcells ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentiuely, I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſfull ſtroake
That my youth ſuffered: my ſtory being done;
She gaue me for my paines a world of ſighes;
She ſwore I faith twas ſtrange, twas paſsing ſtrange;
Twas pittifull, twas wonderous pittifull;
She wiſht ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſht
That heauen had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thanked me,
And bad me if I had a friend that loued her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woe her. Vpon this heate I ſpake:
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt.
And I lou'd her that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witchcraft I haue vs'd:
Here comes the Lady,
Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and the reſt.*

Du. I thinke this tale would win my daughter too;—
Good *Brabantio*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt,
Men doe their broken weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake.
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,

De-

Deſtruction light on me, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle miſtreſſe:
Doe you perceiue in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

Def. My noble father,
I doe perceiue here a deuided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both doe learne me
How to reſpect you, you are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter. But heere's my husband:
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhewed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe,
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God bu'y, I ha done:
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State affaires,
I had rather to adopt a child then get it;
Come hither Moore:
I here doe giue thee that, withall my heart,
Which but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee: for your ſake (Iewell,)
I am glad at ſoule, I haue no other childe,
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on em, I haue done my Lord.

Du. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe, and lay a ſentence
Which as a greeſe or ſtep may helpe theſe louers
Into your fauour.
When remedies are paſt, the griefes are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended,
To mourne a miſcheife that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw more miſchiefe on:
What cannot be preſeru'd when fortune takes,
Patience her iniury a mockery makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſomething from the thiefe,
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a bootleſſe griefe.

Bra. So let the *Turke*, of *Cyprus* vs beguile,
We loſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile;
He beares the ſentence well that nothing beares,

But

But the free comfort, which from thence he heares:
But he beares both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay griefe, must of poore patience borrow.
These sentences to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equiuocall:
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the eare.
Beseech you now, to the affaires of the state.

Du. The *Turke* with most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the fortitude of the place, is best knowne to you, and tho we haue there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a soueraigne mistresse of effects, throwes a more safer voyce on you; you must therefore be content to slubber the glosse of your new fortunes, with this more stubborne and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custome, most graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and steele Couch of warre,
My thrice-driuen bed of downe: I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardnesse, and doe vndertake
This present warre, against the *Ottomites*:
Most humbly therefore, bending to your State,
I craue fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort,
As leuels with her breeding.

Du. If you please, bee't at her fathers.

Bra. Ile not haue it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I, I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye: most gracious Duke,
To my vnfolding lend a gracious eare,
And let me find a charter in your voyce,
T'assist my simplenesse.—

Du. What would you *Desdemona?*

Des. That I did loue the Moore to liue with him,
My downe right violence, and storme of Fortunes,
May trumpet to the world: my hearts subdued,

Euen

Euen to the very qualitie of my Lord:
I saw *Othelloes* visage in his minde,
And to his Honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soule and fortunes consecrate.
So that deare Lords, if I be left behinde,
A Moth of peace, and he goe to the warre,
The rites for which I loue him, are bereft me,
And I a heauy interim shall support,
By his deare absence: let me goe with him.

Oth. Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will
Haue a free way:
Vouch with me heauen, I therefore beg it not
To please the palat of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heate, the young affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,
And heauen defend your good soules that you thinke
I will your serious and good businesse scant,
For she is with me;—no, when light wingd toyes,
And feather'd Cupid foyles with wanton dulnesse,
My speculatiue and actiue instruments,
That my disports, corrupt and taint my businesse,
Let huswiues make a skellet of my Helme,
And all indigne and base aduersities,
Make head against my reputation.

Du. Be it, as you shall priuately determine,
Eyther for her stay or going, the affaire cryes hast,
And speed must answere, you must hence to night.

Des. To night my Lord?

Du. This night. *Oth.* With all my heart.

Du. At nine i'th morning here weel meet againe.
Othello, leaue some officer behind,
And he shall our Commission bring to you.
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust,
To his conueyance I assigne my wife,

With

With what elſe needefull your good Grace ſhall thinke,
To be ſent after me.

Du. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

1 *Sena.* Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiud'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the beſt aduantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.

Rod. Iago. *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.

Iag. What ſaiſt thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkſt thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and ſleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou ſilly Gentleman.

Rod. It is ſillineſſe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a preſcription, to dye when death is our Phyſician.

Iag. O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himſelfe: ere I would ſay I would drowne my ſelfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I doe? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue, a fig, tis in our ſelues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, ſo that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice, ſet Iſop, and weed vp Time; ſupply it with one gender of hearbes, or diſtract it with many; either to haue it ſterill with idleneſſe, or manur'd with induſtry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the bal-

ballance of our liues had not one ſcale of reaſon, to poiſe another of ſenſuality; the blood and baſeneſſe of our natures, would conduct vs to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But wee haue reaſon to coole our raging motions, our carnall ſtings, our vnbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag It is meerely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy ſelfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I profeſſe me thy friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing, with cables of perdurable toughneſſe; I could neuer better ſteede thee then now. Put money in thy purſe; follow theſe warres, defeate thy fauour with an vſurp'd beard; I ſay put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her loue vnto the Moore,—put money in thy purſe,—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration: put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe Moores are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as bitter as Coloquintida: She muſt change for youth; when ſhee is ſated with his body, ſhee will finde the error of her choyce; ſhee muſt haue change, ſhe muſt. Therefore put money in thy purſe: If thou wilt needs damme thy ſelfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, & a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way; ſeeke thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy ioy, then to be drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iag. Thou art ſure of me—goe, make money—I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cauſe is hearted, thine has no leſſe reaſon, let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge againſt him: If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doeſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many euents in the wombe of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerſe, goe, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th morning?

Iag. At my lodging

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.
Iag Go to, farewell:—doe you heare *Roderigo*?
Rod. What say you?
Iag No more of drowning, doe you heare?
Rod. I am chang'd, Ile goe sell all my land.
Exit Roderigo.

Iag. Thus doe I euer make my foole my purse:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad that twixt my sheetes
Ha's done my office, I know not, if't be true—
Yet I, for meere suspition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for surety: he holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him.
Cassio's a proper man, let me see now,
To get this place, and to plume vp my will,
A double knauery—how, how,—let me see,
After some time, to abuse *Othello's* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a person and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected, fram'd to make women false:
The Moore is of a free and open nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seemes to be so:
And will as tenderly be led bith' nose—as Asses are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the worlds light. *Exit.*

Actus 2. Scœna 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cyprus, *with two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you discerne at Sea?
1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood,
I cannot twixt the heauen and the mayne
Descry a saile. *Mon.*

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when the huge mountains melt,
Can hold the Morties? what shall we hear of this?
2. *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever fixed pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.
Mont. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not ensheltered and embay'd, they're drownd:
It is impossible to bear it out.

Scene 11. Enter 3d Gentleman.

3. *Gent.* News, lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designement halts. Another ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of the fleet.
Mont. How! is this true?
3. *Gent.* The ship is here put in;
A Veronesso, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor Othello,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.
3. *Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mont. Pray heav'ns he be:
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blew
An indistinct regard.

Come

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moor: oh let the heav'ns
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
Mont. Is he well ship'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
Within A saill, a saill!
Cas. What noise?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry a saill.
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governor.
Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie:
Our friends at least.
Cas. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I shall. *Exit*
Mont. But good lieutenant, is our General wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That Paragons description and wild fame:
One that excells the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency ——

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who has put in?
Gent. 'Tis one Iago, Ancient to the General.
Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed;
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutterd Rocks, and congregated sands,
(Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,) As

As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their common natures, letting goe safely by
The diuine *Desdemona*.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great Captaines Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts
A sennights speede—great *Ioue Othello* guard,
And swell his saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall shippe,
And swiftly come to *Desdemona's* armes.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Emilia, *and* Roderigo.

Giue renewd fire,
To our extincted spirits:
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort,—O behold
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of *Cyprus*, let her haue your knees:
Haile to thee Lady: and the grace of heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand,
Enwheele thee round.
Des. I thanke you valiant *Cassio*:
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriued, nor know I ought,
But that hee's well, and will be shortly heere.
Des. O but I feare:—how lost you company?
[within] *A saile, a saile.*
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: but harke, a saile.
2 *Gent.* They giue their greeting to the Citadell,
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome, welcome Mistresse,
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners, 'tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold shew of courtesie.
Iag. Sir, would she giue you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she has bestowed on me,

You'd haue enough.

Def. Alas! she has no speach.

Iag. In faith too much:
I find it still, for when I ha leaue to sleepe,
Mary, before your Ladiship I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Em. You ha little cause to say so.

Iag. Come on, come on, you are Pictures out of dores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wildcats in your Kitchins:
Saints in your iniuries: Diuells being offended:
Players in your housewifery; and housewiues in your beds.

Def. O fie vpon thee slanderer.

Iag. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turke*,
You rise to play, and goe to bed to worke.

Em. You shall not write my praise.

Iag. No, let me not.

Def. What wouldst thou write of me,
If thou shouldst praise me?

Iag O gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Def. Come on, assay—there's one gon to the Harbor?

Iag. I Madam.

Def I am not merry, but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise:
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iag. I am about it, but in leed my inuention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze,
It plucks out braine and all: but my Muse labors.
And thus she is deliuered:
If she be faire and wise, faireneſſe and wit;
The one's for vse, the other vseth it.

Def. Well prais'd: how if she be black and witty?

Iag, *If she be blacke, and therefo haue a wit,*
She'l finde a white, that shall her blackneſſe fit.

Def. Worse and worse.

Em. How if faire and foolish?

Iag. *She neuer yet was foolish, that was faire,*

For

For euen her folly helpt her to an Heire.

Def. These are old parodoxes, to make fooles laugh i'th Alehouse:
What miserable praise hast thou for her,
That's foule and foolish?

Iag. *There's none so foule, and foolish thereunto,*
But does foule prankes, which faire and wise ones doe.

Def. O heauy ignorance, that praises the worst best: but what praise couldst thou bestow on a deseruing woman indeed? one, that in the authority of her merits, did iustly put on the vouch of very malice it selfe?

Iag. *She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was neuer lowd,
Neuer lackt gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wish, and yet said, now I may:
She that being angred, her reuenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong stay, and her displeasure flye;
She that in wisedome, neuer Was so fraile,
To change the Codshead for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and ne're disclose her minde,
See Suters following, and not looke behinde:
She was a Wight, (if euer such Wight were,)

Def. To doe what?

Iag *To suckle fooles, and chronicle small Beere.*

Def. O most lame and impotent conclusion:
Doe not learne of him *Emillia*, tho he be thy husband:
How say you *Cassio*, is he not a most prophane and liberal
Counsellour?

Cas. He speakes home Madam you may relliſh him
More in the Souldier then in the Scholler.

Iag. He takes her by the palme; I well sed, whisper; with as little a webbe as this, will I ensnare as great a Flie as *Cassio*. I, smile vpon her, doe: I will carch you in your own courtship: you say true, tis so indeed. If such trickes as these strip you out of your Leiutenantry, it had been better you had not rist your three fingers so oft, which now againe, you are most apt to play the sir in: very good, well kist, and excellent courtesie; tis so indeed: yet againe, your fingers at your lips? would they were Clisterpipes for your sake.—
The Moore, I know his Trumpet. *Trumpet within.*

Enter

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Cas. Tis truely so
Des. Lets meet him, and receiue him.
Cas. Loe, where he comes.
Oth. O my faire Warriour.
Des. My deare *Othello.*
Oth. It giues me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me: O my soules ioy,
If after euery tempest, come such calmeneſſe,
May the winds blow, till they haue wakened death:
And let the labouring Barke clime hilles of seas,
Olympus high, and duck againe as low,
As hell's from heauen; If it were now to dye,
T'were now to be most happy, for I feare
My soule hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this
Succeeds in vnknown Fate.
Des. The heauens forbid,
But that our loues and comforts should increase,
Euen as our dayes doe grow.
Oth. Amen to that, sweet Powers:
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stops me here, it is too much of ioy:
And this, and this, the greatest discord be, *kisse.*
That ere our hearts shall make.
Iag. O, you are well tun'd now,
But Ile set downe the pegs, that makes this musique,
As honest as I am.
Oth. Come, let vs to the Castle:
Newes friends, our wars are done, the *Turks* are drownd:
How dos my old acquaintance of this Isle?
Honny, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*;
I haue found great loue amongst them: O my sweet:
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote,
In mine owne comforts: I prethee good *Iago*,
Goe to the Bay, and disimbarke my Coffers;
Bring thou the Master to the Citadell:
He is a good one, and his worthinesse,

Does

Does challenge much respect: come *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*. *Exeunt.*

Iag. Doe thou meet me presently at the Harbour: come hither, If thou beest valiant, (as they say, base men being in loue, haue then a Nobility in their natures, more then is native to them,)—list me, the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard: first I will tell thee this, *Desdemona* is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? why tis not possible.

Iag. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soule be instructed: marke me, with what violence she first lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantasticall lies; and will she loue him still for prating? let not the discreet heart thinke it. Her eye must be fed, and what delight shall she haue to looke on the Diuell? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be a game to inflame it, and giue satiety a fresh appetite. Louelines in fauour, sympathy in yeares, manners, and beauties; all which the Moore is defective in: now for want of these requir'd conueniences, her delicate tenderneſſe will find it selfe abus'd, beginne to heaue the gorge, disrelish and abhorre the Moore, very nature will instruct her to it, and compell her to some second choyce: Now sir, this granted, as it is most pregnant and vnforced position, who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as *Cassio* does? a knaue very voluble, no farder conscionable, then in putting on the meere forme of ciuill and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection: A subtle slippery knaue, a finder out of occasions; that has an eye, can stampe and counterfeit aduantages, tho true aduantage neuer present it selfe. Besides, the knaue is handsome, yong, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green mindes looke after; a pestilent compleat knaue, and the woman has found him already.

Rod. I cannot beleeue that in her, shee's full of most blest condition.

Iag. Blest figs end: the wine she drinkes is made of grapes: if she had been blest, she would neuer haue lou'd the Moore. Didst thou not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? did'st not marke that?

Rod. Yes, but that was but courtesie.

Iag. Lechery, by this hand: an Index and obscure prologue to

the hiſtory, of luſt and foule thoughts: they met ſo neere with their lips, that their breathes embrac'd together, villanous thoughts, when theſe mutualities ſo marſhall the way; hand at hand comes *Roderigo*, the maſter and the maine exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion. But ſir, be you rul'd by me, I haue brought you from *Venice*; watch you to night, for command Ile lay't vpon you, *Caſsio* knowes you not, Ile not be farre from you, doe you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſsio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe; which the time ſhall more fauorably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iag. Sir he is raſh, and very ſuddaine in choler, and haply with his Trunchen may ſtrike at you; prouoke him that he may, for euen out of that, will I cauſe theſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny, whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again't, but by the diſplanting of *Caſsio*: So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then haue to prefer them, & the impediment, moſt profitably remou'd, without which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iag. I warrant thee, meet me by and by at the Cittadell; I muſt fetch his neceſſaries a ſhore.—Farewell.

Rod. Adue. *Exit.*

Iag. That *Caſsio* loues her, I do well beleeue it;
That ſhe loues him, 'tis apt and of great credit;
The Moore howbe't, that I indure him not,
Is of a conſtant, noble, louing nature;
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt deere husband; now I doe loue her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (tho peraduenture,
I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin,)
But partly lead to diet my reuenge,
For that I doe ſuſpect the luſtfull Moore,
Hath leap'd into my ſeat, the thought whereof
Doth like a poiſonous mineralll gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, nor ſhall content my ſoule,
Till I am euen'd with him, wife for wife;
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt, into a iealouſie ſo ſtrong,

That

That iudgement can not cure; which thing to doe,
If this poore traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace,
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Caſsio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the ranke garbe,
(For I feare *Caſsio*, with my night cap too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing vpon his peace and quiet,
Euen to madneſſe: —'tis heere, but yet confus'd;
Knaueries plaine face is neuer ſeene, till vs'd.

Exit

Enter Othello's *Herauld, reading a Proclamation.*

It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our noble and valiant Generall, that vpon certaine tidings now arriued, importing the meere perdition of the *Turkiſh* Fleete; that euery man put himſelfe into triumph; ſome to dance, ſome make bonefires; each man to what ſport and Reuels his addiction leades him; for beſides theſe beneficiall newes, it is the celebration of his Nuptialls: So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty, from this preſent houre of fiue, till the bell hath told eleuen. Heauen bleſſe the Iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble Generall *Othello*.

Enter Othello, Caſſio, *and* Deſdemona.

Oth. Good *Michael* looke you to the guard to night,
Lets teach our ſelues that honourable ſtoppe,
Not to outſport diſcretion.

Caſ. Iago hath direction what to doe:
But notwithſtanding, with my perſonall eye
Will I looke to it.

Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt:
Michael goodnight, to morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me haue ſpeech with you, come my deare loue,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue,
That profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*, we muſt to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Leiutenant, tis not yet ten aclock: our Generall caſt vs thus early for the loue of his *Deſdemona*, who let vs not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for *Ioue*.

Caſ. She is a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iag. And Ile warrant her full of game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iag What an eye ſhe has?
Me thinkes it ſounds a parly of prouocation.

Caſ. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right modeſt.

Iag. And when ſhe ſpeakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iag. Well, happineſſe to their ſheetes—come Leiutenant, I haue a ſtope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would faine haue a meaſure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſie would inuent ſome other cuſtome of entertainement.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup: Ile drinke for you.

Caſ. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Caſ. Ile do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Iag. If I can faſten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'l be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young miſtris dog:—Now my ſicke foole *Roderigo*,
(Whom loue has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward)
To *Deſdemona*, hath to night carouſt
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch:
Three Leads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
(That

(That hold their honour, in a wary diſtance,
The very Elements of this warlike Iſle,)
Haue I to night fluſtred with flowing cups,
And the watch too: now mongſt this flock of drunkards,
I am to put our *Caſsio* in ſome action,
That may offend the Iſle; *Enter* Montanio, Caſſio,
But here they come: *and others.*
If conſequence doe but approoue my dreame,
My boate ſailes freely, both with wind and ſtreame.

Caſ. Fore God they haue giuen me a rouſe already.

Mon. Good faith a little one, not paſt a pint,
As I am a Soldier.

Iag. Some wine hoe:
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke,
And let me the Cannikin clinke, clinke:
A Souldier's a man, a life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.—Some wine boyes.

Caſ Fore heauen an excellent ſong.

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, where indeed they are moſt potent in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germane*, and your ſwag-bellied *Hollander*, (drinke ho,) are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſh* man ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iag. Why he drinkes you with facillity, your *Dane* dead drunke: he ſweates not to ouerthrow your *Almaine*; he giues your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fild.

Caſ. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Leiutenant, and I will doe you iuſtice.

Iag. O ſweet England,—
King Stephen *was and a worthy Peere,*
His breeches coſt him but a crowne,
He held 'em ſixpence all to deere,
With that he cald the Taylor lowne,
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thou art but of low degree,
Tis pride that puls the Country downe,
Then take thine auld cloke about thee.—Some wine ho.

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Caſ. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does thoſe things well, Heauen's aboue all, and there bee ſoules that muſt bee ſaued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quallity, I hope to be ſaued.

Iag. And ſo doe I Leiutenant.

Caſ. I: but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: forgiue vs our ſins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our buſineſſe: doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Mon. To the plotforme maſters. Come, let's ſet the watch.

Iag. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a ſouldier fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And giue direction: and doe but ſee his vice;
Tis to his vertue, a iuſt equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the truſt *Othello* put him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this Iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. Tis euermore the Prologue to his ſleepe:
Hee'le watch the horologe a double ſet,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. T'were well the Generall were put in minde of it,
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Praiſes the vertue that appeares in *Caſsio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit* Rod.

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his owne ſecond,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:

It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo to the Moore.

Iag. Not I, for this faire Iſland:
I doe loue *Caſsio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within.*
To cure him of this euill: but harke, what noyſe.

Enter Caſsio, *driuing in* Roderigo.

Caſ. You rogue, you raſcall.

Mon. What's the matter Leiutenant?

Caſ. A knaue, teach me my duty: but Ile beate the knaue into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Caſ. Doſt thou prate rogue?

Mon. Good Leiutenant; pray ſir hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me goe ſir, or Ile knock you ore the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Caſ. Drunke? *they fight.*

Iag. Away I ſay, goe out, and cry a muteny. *Exit* Rod.
Nay good Leiutenant: God's-will Gentlemen,
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir, *Montanio*, ſir,
Helpe maſters, heer's a goodly watch indeed: *A bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo—ho,
The Towne will riſe, fie, fie, Leiutenant, hold,
You will be ſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gentlemen with Weapons.*

Oth. What's the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death. *he faints.*

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant, ſir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of ſence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall ſpeakes to you; hold, hold, for ſhame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence ariſes this?
Are we tur'nd *Turkes*, and to our ſelues doe that,
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*:
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle;
He that ſtirres next, to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light, he dies vpon his motion:

Silence that dreadfull bell, it frights the Isle
From her propriety: what's the matter masters?
Honest *Iago*, that lookes dead with grieuing,
Speake, who began this, on thy loue I charge thee.
Iag. I doe not know, friends all but now, euen now,
In quarter, and in termes, like bride and groome,
Deuesting them to bed, and then but now,
(As if some Planet had vnwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at others breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any beginning to this peeuish odds;
And would in action glorious, I had lost
Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.
Oth. How came it *Michael*, you were thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.
Oth. Worthy *Montanio*, you were wont be ciuill,
The grauity and stilnesse of your youth,
The world hath noted, and your name is great,
In mouthes of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night brawler? giue me answere to't?
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can informe you,
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I doe know, nor know I ought
By me, that's saide or done amisse this night;
Vnlesse selfe-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend our selues it be a sinne,
When violence assayles vs.
Oth. Now by heauen
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion hauing my best iudgement coold,
Assayes to leade the way: If once I stirre,
Or doe but lift this arme, the best of you
Shall sinke in my rebuke: giue me to know
How this foule rout began, who set it on,
And he that is approou'd in this offence,

Tho he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me; what, in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim full of feare,
To mannage priuate and domestike quarrells,
In night, and on the Court and guard of safety?
Tis monstrous. *Iago*, who began?
Mon. If partiality affin'd, or league in office
Thou doest deliuer more or lesse then truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iag. Touch me not so neere,
I had rather ha' this tongue out of my mouth,
Then it should doe offence to *Michael Cassio:*
Yet I perswade my selfe to speake the truth,
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is Generall:
Montanio and my selfe being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for helpe,
And *Cassio* following him with determin'd sword,
To execute vpon him: Sir this Gentleman
Steps into *Cassio*, and intreates his pause;
My selfe the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour, as it so fell out,
The Towne might fall in fright: he swift of foote,
Out ran my purpose: and I returnd the rather,
For that I heard the clinke and fall of swords:
And *Cassio* high in oath, which till to night,
I ne're might say before: when I came backe,
For this was briefe, I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, euen as again they were,
When you your selfe did part them.
More of this matter can I not report,
But men are men, the best sometimes forget:
Tho *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best:
Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not passe.
Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honesty and loue doth mince this matter,

Making it light to *Caſsio*: *Caſsio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.
Looke if my gentle loue be not rais'd vp:
Enter Deſdemona, *with others.*
I'le make thee an example.
Def. What's the matter?
Oth. All's well now ſweeting:
Come away to bed: ſir, for your hurts,
My ſelfe will be your ſurgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe, whom this vile braule diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*, tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife,
Iag. What, are you hurt Leiutenant?
Exit Moore, Deſdemona, *and attendants.*
Caſ. I, paſt all ſurgery.
Iag. Mary Heauen forbid.
Caſ. Reputation, reputation, oh I ha loſt my reputation:
I ha loſt the immortall part ſir of my ſelfe,
And what remaines is beſtiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.
Iag. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had receiu'd ſome bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition, oft got without merit, and loſt without deſeruing: You haue loſt no reputation at all, vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a loſer; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now caſt in his moode, a puniſhment more in policie, then in malice, euen ſo, as one would beate his offenceleſſe dogge, to affright an imperious Lyon: ſue to him againe, and he's yours.
Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceiue ſo good a Commander, with ſo light, ſo drunken, and indiſcreet an Officer. Drunke? and ſpeake parrat? and ſquabble, ſwagger, ſweare? and diſcourſe fuſtian with ones owne ſhaddow O thou inuiſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to be known by, let vs call thee Diuell.
Iag. What was he that you followed with your ſword:
What had he done to you?
Caſ. I know not.

Iag.

Iag. Iſt poſsible?
Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrell, but nothing wherefore. O that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouthes, to ſteale away their braines; that wee ſhould with ioy, reuell, pleaſure, and applauſe, transforme our ſelues into beaſtes.
Iag. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?
Caſ. It hath pleas'd the deuill drunkenneſſe, to giue place to the deuill wrath; one vnperfectneſſe, ſhewes me another, to make me frankely deſpiſe my ſelfe.
Iag. Come, you are too ſeuere a morraler; as the time, the place, the condition of this Countrey ſtands, I could heartily wiſh, this had not ſo befalne; but ſince it is as it is, mend it, for your owne good.
Caſ. I will aske him for my place againe, hee ſhall tell me I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwere would ſtop em all; to be now a ſenſible man, by and by a foole, and preſently a beaſt: euery inordinate cuppe is vnbleſt, and the ingredience is a diuell.
Iag. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well vs'd; exclaime no more againſt it; and good Leiutenant, I think you thinke I loue you.
Caſ. I haue well approou'd it ſir,—I drunke?
Iag You, or any man liuing may be drunke at ſome time man: Ile tell you what you ſhall doe,——our Generals wife is now the Generall; I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for that he has deuoted and giuen vp himſelfe to the contemplation, marke and deuotement of her parts and graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe freely to her, importune her, ſhee'll helpe to put you in your place againe: ſhe is ſo free, ſo kinde, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhe holds it a vice in her goodnes, not to doe more then ſhe is requeſted. This broken ioynt betweene you and her husband, intreat her to ſplinter, and my fortunes againſt any lay, worth naming, this cracke of your loue ſhall grow ſtronger then t'was before.
Caſ. You aduiſe me well.
Iag I proteſt in the ſincerity of loue and honeſt kindneſſe.
Caſ. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am deſperate

of

of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Lieutenant, I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night honest *Iago.* *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that sayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honest,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the course,
To win the Moore agen? For tis most easie
The inclining *Desdemona* to subdue,
In any honest suite she's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, wer't to renounce his baptisme,
All seales and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soule is so infetter'd to her loue,
That she may make, vnmake, doe what she list,
Euen as her appetite shall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine,
To counsell *Cassio* to this parrallell course,
Directly to his good? diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackest sins put on,
They doe suggest at first with heauenly shewes,
As I doe now; for whilst this honest foole
Plyes *Desdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore;
Ile poure this pestilence into his care,
That she repeales him for her bodies lust;
And by how much she striues to doe him good,
She shall vndoe her credit with the Moore;
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse, make the net
That shall enmesh them all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo?*

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills vp the cry: my money is almost spent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgelld: I thinke the issue will be, I shall haue so much experience for my paines, and so no mony at all, and with a little more wit returne to *Venice.*

Iag. How poore are they, that haue not Patience?

What

What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knowest we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Dos't not goe well? *Cassio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast casheir'd *Cassio,*
Tho other things grow faire against the sun,
Yet fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe;
Content thy selfe a while; by'th masse tis morning;
Pleasure, and action, make the houres seeme short:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
Away I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon: Some things are to be done,
My wife must moue for *Cassio* to her mistris,
Ile set her on.
My selfe a while, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Cassio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuise by coldnesse and delay. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Cassio, *with* Musitians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something thats briefe, and bid good morrow Generall.

They play, and enter the Clowne.

Clo. Why masters, ha your Instruments bin at *Naples,* that they speake i'th nose thus?

Boy. How sir, how?

Clo. Are these I pray, cald wind Instruments?

Boy. I marry are they sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle sir?

Clo. Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I know. But masters, heer's money for you, and the Generall so likes your musique, that hee desires you for loues sake, to make no more noyse with it.

Boy. Well ſir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any muſique that may not bee heard, to't againe, but as they ſay, to heare muſique, the Generall does not greatly care.

Boy. We ha none ſuch ſir.

Clo. Then put your pipes in your bag, for Ile away; goe, vaniſh into aire, away.

Caſ. Doſt thou heare my honeſt friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt friend, I heare you.

Caſ. Prethee keepe vp thy quillets, ther's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be ſtirring, tell her ther's one *Caſsio*, entreates her a little fauour of ſpeach—wilt thou doe this?

Clo. She is ſtirring ſir, if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie vnto her. *Enter* Iago. *Exit Clo.*

Caſ. Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*.

Iag. You ha not bin a bed then.

Caſ Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
Ha made bold *Iago* to ſend in to your wife,—my ſuite to her,
Is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*,
Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iag. Ile ſend her to you preſently,
And Ile deuiſe a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerſe and buſineſſe,
May be more free. *Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thanke you for't: I neuer knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

Enter Emilia.

Em. Good morrow good Lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure, but all will ſoone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly: the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity, and that in wholeſome wiſedome,
He might not but refuſe: but he proteſts he loues you,
And needs no other ſuitor but his likings,
To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front,
To bring you in againe.

Caſ.

Caſ. Yet I beſeech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of ſome briefe diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone.

Em. Pray you come in,
I will beſtow you where you ſhall haue time,
To ſpeake your boſome freely.

Caſ. I am much bound to you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and other Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters giue *Iago* to the Pilate,
And by him, doe my duties to the State;
That done, I will be walking to the workes,
Repaire there to me.

Iag. Well my good Lord, Ile do't.

Oth. This fortification Gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. We waite vpon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt.*

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio *and* Emillia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd good *Caſsio*, I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Em. Good Madam doe, I know it grieues my husband,
As if the caſe were his.

Deſ. O that's an honeſt fellow:—doe not doubt *Caſsio*,
But I will haue my Lord and you againe,
As friendly as you were.

Caſ. Bounteous Madame,
What euer ſhall become of *Michael Caſsio*,
Hee's neuer any thing but your true ſeruant.

Deſ. O ſir, I thanke you, you doe loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeſt, ſtand no farther off,
Then in a politique diſtance.

Caſ. I but Lady,
That pollicy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed vpon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelfe, ſo out of circumſtance,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupplied,

My Generall will forget my loue and ſeruice.
Def. Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place? aſſure thee,
If I doe vow a friendſhip, Ile performe it,
To the laſt Article: my Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole, his boord a ſhrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Caſsio's* ſuite; therefore be merry *Caſsio*,
For thy ſoliciter ſhall rather die,
Then giue thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*
Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam, ile take my leaue.
Def. Nay ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.
Caſ. Madam not now, I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſe.
Def. Well, doe your diſcretion. *Exit* Caſsio.
Iag. Ha, I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if,—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſsio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Caſsio* my Lord?—no ſure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Def. How now my Lord,
I haue been talking with a ſuiter here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who i'ſt you meane?
Def. Why your Leiutenant *Caſsio*, good my Lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His preſent reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I prethee call him backe.

Oth.

Oth. Went he hence now?
Def. Yes faith, ſo humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
To ſuffer with him; good Loue call him backe.
Oth. Not now ſweet *Deſdemon*, ſome other time.
Def. But ſhal't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner ſweet for you.
Def. Shal't be to night at ſupper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Def. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home,
I meet the Captaines at the Cittadell.
Def. Why then to morrow night, or tueſday morne,
On tueſday morne, or night, or wedneſday morne,
I prethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes: Ifaith hee's penitent.
And yet his treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon,
(Saue that they ſay, the warres muſt make examples,
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my ſoule,
What you could aske me, that I ſhould deny?
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What *Michael Caſsio*?
That came a wooing with you, and ſo many a time
When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much to doe
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could doe much,—
Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Def. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I ſhould intreat you weare your gloues:
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warme,
Or ſue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon: nay, when I haue a ſuite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It ſhall be full of poiſe and difficult weight,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing,

 Where-

Whereon I doe beſeech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.
Deſ. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, I'le come to thee ſtraight.
Deſ. *Emilia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exeunt* Deſ. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my ſoule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay *Iago?*
Iag. Did *Michael Caſsio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?
Oth. He did from firſt to laſt: —Why doeſt thou aske?
Iag. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago?*
Iag. I did not thinke he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went between vs very oft.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed, diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iag. Honeſt my Lord? *Oth.* Honeſt? I honeſt.
Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doeſt thou thinke?
Iag. Thinke my Lord?
Oth. Thinke my Lord? why doſt thou ecchoe me,
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhowne: Thou doſt meane ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, thou lik'ſt not that,
When *Caſsio* left my wife: what didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſell,
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cridſt indeed?
And didſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible conceit: If thou doeſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My Lord you know I loue you.

Oth.

Oth. I thinke thou doeſt,
And for I know, thou art full of loue and honeſty,
And weigheſt thy words, before thou giu'ſt 'em breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more;
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall knaue,
Are tricks of cuſtome; but in a man that's iuſt,
They are cloſe dilations, working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iag. For *Michael Caſsio*,
I dare be ſworne, I thinke that he is honeſt.
Oth. I thinke ſo too.
Iag. Men ſhould be what they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeeme none.
Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.
Iag. Why then I thinke *Caſsio's* an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,
I prethee ſpeake to me, as to thy thinkings.
As thou doeſt ruminate, and giue thy worſt of thoughts,
The worſt of words.
Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to euery act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaues are free to,
Vtter my thoughts: Why, ſay they are vile and falſe:
As where's that pallace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome vncleanly apprehenſions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in ſeſsion ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend *Iago*,
If thou but thinkeſt him wrongd, and makeſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iag. I doe beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gheſſe,
(As I confeſſe it is my natures plague,
To ſpy into abuſes, and oft my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not:) that your wiſedome yet,
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble,

Out

Out of my ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou meane?
Iag. Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of our ſoules:
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh, tis ſomething, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not inriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. Ile know thy thoughts.
Iag. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whilſt tis in my cuſtody.
Oth. Ha?
Iag. O beware (my Lord) of icalouſie;
It is a green eyd monſter, which doth mocke
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſs,
Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.
Oth. O miſery.
Iag. Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineleſſe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good heauen, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
From icalouſie.
Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'de make a life of icalouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolu'd: exchange me for a Goate,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference: tis not to make me icalous,
To ſay my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well;

Where vertue is, theſe are more vertuous:
Nor from mine owne weake merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eies, and choſen me: no *Iago*,
Ile ſee before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
And on the proofe, there is no more but this;
Away at once with loue or icalouſie.
Iag. I am glad of it, for now I ſhall haue reaſon,
To ſhew the loue and duty that I beare you,
With franker ſpirit: therefore as I am bound
Receiue it from me: I ſpeake not yet of proofe,
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſſio*;
Weare your eie thus, not iealous, nor ſecure,
I would not haue your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well,
In *Venice* they doe let Heauen ſee the prankes
They dare not ſhew their husbands: their beſt conſcience
Is not to leaue't vndone, but keepe't vnknowne.
Oth. Doeſt thou ſay ſo?
Iag. She did deceiue her father marrying you:
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iag. Why go too then,
She that ſo young, could giue out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeale her fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame;
I humbly doe beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much louing you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.
Iag. I ſee this hath a little daſht your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.
Iag. Truſt me, I feare it has.
I hope you will conſider, what is ſpoke,
Comes from my loue: but I doe ſee you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeach,
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,

Then to ſuſpition.

Oth. I will not.

Iag. Should you doe ſo my Lord,
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vile ſucceſſe,
As my thoughts aime not at: *Caſsio's* my worthy friend:
My Lord, I ſee you are moou'd,

Oth. No, not much moou'd,
I doe not thinke but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.

Iag. Long liue ſhe ſo, and long liue you to thinke ſo.

Oth. And yet how nature erring from it ſelfe.

Iag. I, there's the point: as to be bold with you,
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her owne clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, nature tends;
Fie we may ſmell in ſuch a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportion, thoughts vnnaturall.
But pardon me: I doe not in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, tho I may feare
Her will recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her countrey formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, if more
Thou doeſt perceiue, let me know more, ſet on
Thy wife to obſerue: leaue me *Iago*.

Iag. My Lord I take my leaue.

Oth. Why did I marry? This honeſt creature doubtleſſe
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

Iag My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour,
To ſcan this thing no further, leaue it to time,
And though tis fit that *Caſsio* haue his place,
(For ſure he fills it vp with great ability,)
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that, perceiue him and his meanes;
Note if your Lady ſtraine her entertainement,
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeene in that, in the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I haue, to feare I am:)

And

And hold her free, I doe beſeech your honour.

Oth. Feare not my gouernement.

Iag. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*

Oth. This fellowe's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all quantities, with a learned ſpirit
Of humane dealings: If I doe proone her haggard,
Tho that her Ieſſes were my deare heart ſtrings,
I'de whiſtle her off, and let her dewne the wind,
To prey at fortune. Happily, for I am blacke,
And haue not thoſe ſoft parts of conuerſation,
That Chamberers haue, or for I am declind
Into the vale of yeares, yet that's not much,
Shee's gone, I am abus'd, and my releiſe
Muſt be to loath her: O curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites: I had rather be a Toade,
And liue vpon the vapor in a dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in a thing I loue,
For others vſes: yet tis the plague of great ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they leſſe then the baſe,
Tis deſteny, vnſhunnable, like death:
Euen then this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we doe quicken; *Deſdemona* comes,
If ſhe be falſe, O then heauen mocks it ſelfe,
Ile not beleeue it.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Emillia.

Deſ. How now my deare *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlander
By you inuited, doe attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Deſ. Why is your ſpeech ſo faint? are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my forehead, heare.

Deſ. Why that's with watching, t'will away againe;
Let me but bind it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:
Let it alone, come Ile go in with you.

Deſ. I am very ſorry that you are not well.

Em. I am glad I haue found this napkin, *Exit* Oth. *and* Def.
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward husband, hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steale it, but he so loues the token,
For he conjur'd her, she should euer keepe it,
That she reserues it euer more about her,
To kisse, and talke to; Ile ha the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago:* what he'l doe with it,
Heauen knowes, not I, *Enter* Iago.
I nothing, but to please his fantasie.
Iag. How now, what doe you here alone?
Em. Doe not you chide, I haue a thing for you.
Iag. A thing for me, it is a common thing—
Em. Ha?
Iag To haue a foolish wife.
Em. O, is that all? what will you giue me now,
For that same handkerchiefe?
Iag. What handkerchiefe?
Em. What handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.
Iag. Ha'st stole it from her?
Em. No faith, she let it drop by negligence,
And to the aduantage, I being here, tooke it vp:
Looke, here it is.
Iag. A good wench giue it me.
Em. What will you doe with it,
That you haue bin so earnest to haue me filch it?
Iag. Why, what's that to you?
Em. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giue mee't againe, poore Lady, shee'll run mad
When she shall lacke it.
Iag. Be not you acknowne on't, I haue vse for it:—go leaue me;
I will in *Cassio's* lodging lose this napkin, *Exit* Em.
And let him find it: Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealous, confirmations strong
As proofes of holy Writ, this may doe something:
The Moore already changes with my poison,

Dan-

Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distast;
But with a little act vpon the blood, *Enter* Othello.
Burne like the mines of sulphure: I did say so:
Look where he comes, not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drousie siropps of the world,
Shall euer medecine thee to that sweet sleepe,
Which thou owedst yesterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, false to me, to me?
Iag. Why how now Generall? no more of that.
Ot. Auant, be gon, thou hast set me on the racke,
I sweare, tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Iag. How now, my Lord?
Oth. What sence had I of her stolne houres of lust:
I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me,
I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her lips;
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and hee's not rob'd at all.
Iag. I am sorry to heare this.
Oth. I had bin happy if the generall Campe,
Pyoners, and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing knowne: O now for euer
Farewell the tranquile mind, farewell content;
Farewell the plumed troope, and the big warres,
That makes ambition vertue: O farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,
The spirit-stirring Drumme, the eare-peircing Fife,
The royall Banner, and all quality,
Pride, pompe, and circumstance of glorious warre.
And, O ye mortall Engines, whose wide throates,
The immortal *Ioues* great clamors counterfeit;
Farewell, *Othelloe's* Occupation's gone.
Iag. Ist possible my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a whore,
Be sure of it, giue me the ocular proofe,
Or by the worth of my eternall soule,

Thon

Thou hadst bin better haue been borne a dog,
Then answere my wak'd wrath.
Iag. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to see't, or at the least so proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doest slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce:
On horrors head, horrors accumulate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde, greater then that.
Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a soule or sence?
God buy you, take my office,--O wretched foole,
That liuest to make thine honesty a vice;
O monstrous world, take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
Ile loue no friend since loue breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay stay, thou shouldst be honest
Iag. I should be wise, for honestie's a foole,
And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I thinke my wife be honest, and thinke she is not,
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not;
Ile haue some proofe: her name that was as fresh
As *Dians* visage, is now begrim'd, and blacke
As mine owne face: If there be cords, or kniues,
Poyson, or fire, or suffocating streames,
Ile not endure it: would I were satisfied.
Iag. I see sir, you are eaten vp with passion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you;
You would be satisfied.
Oth. Would, nay, I will.
Iag. And may, but how, how satisfied my Lord?
Would you, the supersition grossely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth.

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.
Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that prospect, damn em then,
If euer mortall eyes did see them boulster
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and fooles as grosse
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you may ha't.
Oth. Giue me a liuing reason, that she's disloyall.
Iag. I doe not like the office,
But sith I am entered into this cause so farre,
Prickt to't by foolish honesty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not sleepe,
There are a kind of men so loose of soule,
That in their sleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kind is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say. Sweet *Desdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our loues;
And then sir would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, sweet creature, and then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and sigh'd, and kissed and then
Cried, curs'ed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monstrous, monstrous.
Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon conclusion,
Tis a shrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
Iag. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonstrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iag. Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done,

She

She may be honeſt yet: tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a handkerchiefe,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wiues hand?
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one, twas my firſt gift.
Iag. I know not that, but ſuch a handkerchiefe
I am ſure it was your wiues, did I to day
See *Caſsio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Iag. If it be that, or any, it was hers,
It ſpeakes againſt her, with the other proofes.
Oth. O that the ſlaue had forty thouſand liues,
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge:
Now I doe ſee tis true, looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue, thus doe I blow to heauen, ——tis gone.
Ariſe blacke vengeance from thy hollow Cell,
Yeeld vp O loue thy crowne, and hearted Throne,
To tyrranous hate, ſwell boſome with thy fraught,
For tis of Aſpicks tongues. *he kneeles.*
Iag. Pray be content.
Oth. O blood, *Iago*, blood.
Iag. Patience I ſay, your mind perhaps may change.
Oth. Neuer *Iago*;
Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whoſe icy current and compulſiue courſe,
Ne'r feels retiring ebbe, but keepes due on,
To the *Propontick* and the *Helleſpont*:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne're looke backe, ne're ebbe to humble loue,
Till that a capeable and wide reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a ſacred vow,
I here ingage my words.
Iag. Doe not riſe yet: Iago *kneels.*
Witneſſe the euer-burning lights aboue,
You Elements that clip vs round about;
Witneſſe that here, *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hand, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* ſeruice: let him command,

And to obey, ſhall be in me remorce,
What bloody worke ſo euer.
Oth I greet thy loue;
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee to't,
Within theſe three dayes, let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſsio's* not aliue.
Iag. My friend is dead:
Tis done as you requeſt, but let her liue.
Oth. Dam her lewd minks: O dam her,
Come, goe with me apart, I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death,
For the faire deuill: now art thou my Leiutenant.
Iag. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Enter Deſdemona, Emilia *and the Clowne.*

Def. Doe you know ſirra, where the Leiutenant *Caſsio* lies?
Clo. I dare not ſay he lies any where.
Def. Why man?
Clo. He is a Soldier, and for one to ſay a Soldier lies, is ſtabbing.
Def. Go to, where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.
Def. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to deuiſe a lodging, and ſay he lies there, were to lie in mine owne throate.
Def. Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him, that is, make queſtions, And by them anſwer.
Def. Seeke him, bid him come hither, tell him I haue moued my Lord in his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To doe this, is within the compaſſe of mans witte, and therefore Ile attempt the doing of it. *Exit.*
Def. Where ſhould I looſe that handkerchiefe *Emilia?*
Em. I know not Madam.
Def. Beleeue me, I had rather looſe my purſe
Full of Cruſadoes: and but my noble Moore
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,
As iealous creatures are, it were enough

To put him to ill thinking.
Em. Is he not iealous?
Def. Who he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him. *Enter* Othello.
Em. Looke where he comes.
Def. I will not leaue him now,
Till *Cassio* be cald to him: how is it with you my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady: O hardnesse to dissemble:
How doe you *Desdemona?*
Def. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand, this hand is moist my Lady.
Def. It yet has felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulnesse and liberall heart,
Hot, hot, and moyst, this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty: fasting and praying,
Much castigation, exercise deuout;
For here's a young and sweating deuill here,
That commonly rebels: tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Def. You may indeed say so,
For twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand, the hearts of old gaue hands,
But our new herraldry is hands, not hearts.
Def. I cannot speake of this; come now your promise.
Oth. What promise chucke?
Def. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.
Oth. I haue a salt and sullen rhume offends me,
Lend me thy handkerchiefe.
Def. Here my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Def. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not.
Def. No indeed my Lord.
Oth Thats a fault: that handkerchiefe
Did an *Egyptian* to my mother giue,
She was a Charmer, and could almost reade
The thoughts of people; she told her while she kept it,
Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it; my fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me, when my fate would haue me wiue,
To giue it her; I did so, and take heed on't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye,
To loose, or giue't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.
Def. I'st possible?
Oth. Tis true, ther's magicke in the web of it,
A Sybell that had numbred in the world,
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetique fury, sowed the worke:
The wormes were hallowed that did breed the silke,
And it was died in Mummy, which the skilfull
Concerue of Maidens hearts.
Def. Indeed, i'st true?
Oth. Most veritable, therefore looke to't well.
Def. Then would to God that I had neuer seene it.
Oth. Ha, wherefore?
Def. Why doe you speake so startingly and rash?
Oth. I'st lost? i'st gone? speake, is it out o'the way?
Def. Blesse vs.
Oth. Say you?
Def. It is not lost, but what and if it were?
Oth. Ha.
Def. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see it,
Def. Why so I can sir, but I will not now,
This is a tricke, to put me from my suite,
I pray let *Cassio* be receiu'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchiefe, my mind misgiues.
De. Come, come, you'l neuer meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchiefe.
Def. A man, that all his time
Hath founded his good fortunes on your loue,
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The handkerchiefe.
Def. In ſooth you are too blame.
Oth. Away. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man iealous?
Def. I neere ſaw this before:
Sure ther's ſome wonder in this handkerchiefe.
I am moſt vnhappy in the loſſe of it.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Em. Tis not a yeare or two ſhewes vs a man;
They are all but ſtomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Caſsio* and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis ſhe muſt doe it,
And loe the happineſſe, goe, and importune her.
Def. How now good *Caſsio* whats the newes with you?
Caſ. Madam my former ſuite: I doe beſeech you,
That by your vertuous meanes I may againe
Exiſt, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of ſuch mortall kind,
That not my ſeruice paſt, nor preſent ſorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit in futurity,
Can ranſome me into his loue againe,
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit,
So ſhall I clоath me in a fore'd content,
And ſhut my ſelfe vp in ſome other courſe,
To fortunes almes.
Def. Alas thrice gentle *Caſsio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altred:
So helpe me, euery ſpirit ſanctified,
As I haue ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blanke of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech: you muſt a while be patient,
What i can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my ſelfe I dare, let that ſuffice you.

Iag.

Iag. Is my Lord angry?
Em. He went hence but now,
And certainely in ſtrange vnquietneſſe.
Iag. Can he be angry? I haue ſeene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the deuill) from his very armes,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Def. I prethee doe ſo: ſomething ſure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome vnhatcht practice,
Made demonſtrable here in *Cipres* to him.
Hath puddled his cleere ſpirit, and in ſuch caſes,
Mens natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen ſo; for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other healthfull members,
Euen to that ſenſe of paine; nay, we muſt thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for ſuch obſeruances
As fits the Bridall: beſhrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (vnhandſome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindneſſe with my ſoule;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſſe,
And he's indited falſly.
Em. Pray heauen it be State matters as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.
Def. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cauſe.
Em. But iealous ſoules will not be anſwered ſo,
They are not euer iealous for the cauſe,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monſter,
Begot vpon it ſelfe, borne on it ſelfe.
Def. Heauen keepe that monſter from *Othello's* mind.
Em. Lady, Amen.
Def I will goe ſeeke him, *Caſsio* walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your ſuite, *Exeunt* Deſd.
And ſeeke to effect it to my vttermoſt. *and* Emillia.

Caſ. I humbly thanke your Ladiſhip. *Enter* Bianca.
Bian. Saue you friend *Caſsio*.
Caſ. What make you from home?
How is it with you my moſt faire *Bianca?*
Indeed ſweet loue I was comming to your houſe.
Bia. And I was going to your lodging *Caſsio*;
What, keepe a weeke away? ſeuen daies and nights,
Eightſcore eight houres, and louers abſent houres,
More tedious then the diall, eightſcore times,
Oh weary reckoning.
Caſ. Pardon me *Bianca*,
I haue this while with leaden thoughts bin preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time,
Strike off this ſcore of abſence: ſweet *Bianca*,
Take me this worke out.
Bia. Oh *Caſsio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend
To the felt abſence, now I feele a cauſe,
I'ſt come to this? well, well.
Caſ. Go to woman,
Throw your vile gheſſes in the deuills teeth,
From whence you haue them, you are iealous now,
That this is from ſome Miſtris, ſome remembrance,
No in good troth *Bianca*.
Bia. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not ſweet, I found it in my chamber,
I like the worke well, ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will; I'de haue it coppied,
Take it, and do't, and leaue me for this time.
Bia. Leaue you, wherefore?
Caſ. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To haue him ſee me woman'd.
Bia. Why I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I loue you not.
Bia. But that you doe not loue me:
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night.

Caſ.

Caſ. Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here, but Ile ſee you ſoone.
Bia. Tis very good, I muſt be circumſtanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Iago *and* Othello.

Iag. WIll you thinke ſo?
Oth. Thinke ſo *Iago*.
Iag. What, to kiſſe in priuate?
Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiſſe.
Iag. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?
Oth. Naked a bed *Iago*, and not meane harme?
It is hipocriſie againſt the deuill:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet doe ſo,
The deuill their vertue tempts, and they tempt heauen.
Iag. Soe they doe nothing, tis a veniall ſlip;
But if I giue my wife a handkerchiefe.
Oth. What then?
Iag. Why then tis hers my Lord, and being hers,
She may, I thinke, beſtow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectreſſe of her honour too,
May ſhe giue that?
Iag. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not:
But for the handkerchiefe.
Oth. By heauen, I would moſt gladly haue forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (O it comes ore my memory,
As doth the Rauen o're the infected houſe,
Boding to all.) He had my handkerchiefe.
Iag. I, what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iag. What If I had ſaid I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaues be ſuch abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuite,

Or

Or voluntary dotage of some mistris,
Coniured, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.)
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'l vnsweare.
Oth. What hath he sayd?
Iag. Why that he did—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? *Iag.* Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iag. With her, on her, what you will.
Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they belye her; lye with her, that's fulsome, handkerchiefs, confession, handkerchiefs: to confesse, and be hang'd for his labour, first to be hang'd, and then to confesse; I tremble at it: Nature would not inuest herselfe in such shadowing passion, without some instruction: It is not words that shakes me thus. (pish) noses, eares, and lippes: Is't possible? confesse? handkerchiefe? O deuill. *Falles in a trance.*
Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chast Dames, euen thus (all guiltlesse,) meet reproach: What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*,—how now *Cassio?* *Enter* Cassio.
Cas. What's the matter?
Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iag. No, forbeare,
The Lethargie must haue his quiet course,
If not, he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke, he stirres:
Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.
How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mocke me? *Exit* Cas.
Iag. I mocke you? no by heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iag.

Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monster.
Oth. Did he confesse?
Iag. Good sir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar: your case is better:
O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Couch,
And to suppose her chaste: No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.
Iag. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list:
Whilst you were here orewhelmed with your griefe,
(A passion most vnfitting such a man,)
Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
And layed good scuse vpon your extasy;
Bad him anon retire, and here speake with me,
The which he promis'd: But incaue your selfe,
And marke the geeres, the gibes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife:
I say, but marke his iesture, mary patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But doest thou heare, most bloody.
Iag That's not amisse:
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*;
A hūswife, that by selling her desires,
Buyes her selfe bread and cloathes; it is a creature,
That dotes on *Cassio*; as tis the strumpets plague

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one: *Enter* Caſ.
He, when he heares of her, cannot reſraine
From the exceſſe of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſsio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leiutenant?

Caſ. The worſer that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.

Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now, if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.

Caſ. Alas poore catiue.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.

Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loues me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughes it out.

Iag. Doe you heare *Caſsio?*

Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on;
Goe to, well ſaide.

Iag She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?

Caſ. I marry her? what? a Cuſtomer;
I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome: ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, they laugh that wins.

Iag. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Prethee ſay true.

Iag. I am a very villaine elſe.

Oth. Ha you ſcoar'd me? well.

Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out; ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her own loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he bigins the ſtory.

Caſ. She was heere euen now, ſhe haunts me in euery place, I was tother day talking on the ſea banke with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, falls me thus about my necke.

Oth.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Caſsio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and iolls, and weepes vpon me; ſo hales, and pp me, ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber;
I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw't to.

Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue her company: *Enter* Bianca.
Before me, looke where ſhe comes,
Tis ſuch another Fitchew; marry a perfum'd one: What doe you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the deuill and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that ſame handkerchiefe you gaue mee euen now? I was a fine foole to take it; I muſt take out the worke, a likely peece of worke, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there: this is ſome minxes token, and I muſt take out the worke; there giue it the hobby horſe; whereſoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Caſ. How now my ſweet *Bianca*, how now, how now?

Oth. By heauen that ſhould be my handkerchiefe.

Bia. An you'll come to ſupper to night, you may, an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iag. After her, after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhee'l raile i'the ſtreet elſe.

Iag. You ſup there.

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee you, for I would very faine ſpeake with you.

Caſ. Prethe come, will you?

Iag. Goe to, ſay no more. *Exit* Caſſio.

Oth. How ſhall I murder him *Iago?*

Iag. Did you perceiue, how he laughed at his vice?

Oth. O *Iaga.*

Iag And did you ſee the handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?
I would haue him nine yeres a killing; a fine woman, a faire woman, a ſweet woman.

Iag. Nay, you muſt forget that

Oth. And let her rot and periſh, and be damb'd to night, for ſhee ſhall not liue: no, my heart is turn'd to a ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts

my hand: O the world has not a ſweeter creature, ſhe might lie by an Emperours ſide, and command him taskes.

Iag. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I doe not ſay what ſhe is: So delicate with her needle, an admirable muſitian; O ſhe will ſing the ſauageneſſe out of a Beare; of ſo hye and plenteous wit and inuention.

Iag. Shee's the worſe for all this.

Oth. A thouſand thouſand times: and then of ſo gentle a condition.

Iag. I, too gentle.

Oth. Nay thats certaine, but yet the pitty of it *Iago*, oh the pitty.

Iag. If you be ſo fond ouer her iniquity, giue her patent to offend, for if it touches not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes,—cuckold me!

Iag. O, tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer.

Iag. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon *Iago*, this night Ile not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and beauty vnprouide my minde agen, this night *Iago*.

Iag. Doe it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, euen the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good, the iuſtice of it pleaſes, very good.

Ia And for *Caſſio*, let me be his vndertaker: you ſhall heare more by midnight *A Trumpet.*

Enter Lodouico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Excellent good:
What Trumpet is that ſame?

Iag. Some thing from *Venice* ſure; tis *Lodouico*
Come from the Duke, and ſee, your wife is with him.

Lod. Saue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart ſir.

Lod. The Duke and Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kiſſe the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the newes good couſen *Lodouico*?

Iag. I am very glad to ſee you Seignior:—

Lod.

welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thanke you, how does Leiutenant *Caſſio*?

Iag. Liues ſir.

Deſ. Couſen, there's falne between him and my Lord,
An vnkind breach, but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. This faile you not to doe, as you will.—

Lod. He did not call, thee's buſie in the paper:
Is there Diuiſion twixt my Lord and *Caſſio*?

Deſ. A moſt vnhappy one, I would doe much
To attone them, for the loue I beare to *Caſſio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimſtone.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſ. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the letter mou'd him;
For as I thinke, they doe command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his gouernement.

Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Deſ. How ſweet *Othello*?

Oth. Deuill.

Deſ. I haue not deſeru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in *Venice*.
Tho I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't: tis very much,
Make her amends, ſhe weepes.

Oth. O Deuill, Deuill,
If that the earth could teeme with womens teares,
Each drop ſhe falls, would proue a Crocadile:
Out of my ſight.

Deſ. I will not ſtay to offend you.

Lod. Truly an obedient Lady:
I doe beſeech your Lordſhip, call her backe.

Oth. Miſtreſſe.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. What would you with her ſir?

Lod. Who I my Lord?
Oth. I, you did wish that I would make her turne:
Sir she can turne, and turne, and yet goe on,
And turne againe, and she can weepe sir, weepe;
And she's obedient, as you say obedient,
Very obedient; proceed you in your teares,
Concerning this sir: O well painted passion:
I am commanded home: —get you away,
Ile send for you anon: —Sir, I obey the mandat,
And will returne to *Venice*: —hence, auant,
Cassio shall haue my place; and sir to night
I doe intreat that we may sup together,
You are welcome sir to *Cyprus*, —goates and monkies, *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient? This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue,
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
Iag. He is much changed.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of braine?
Iag. He's that he is, I may not breath my censure,
What he might be, if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife.
Iag. Faith that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroake would proue the worst.
Lod. Is it his vse?
Or did the letters worke vpon his blood,
And new create this fault?
Iag. Alas, alas:
It is not honesty in me to speake
What I haue seene and knowne; you shall obserue
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may saue my speech: doe but goe after him,
And marke how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Othello *and* Emillia.
Oth. You haue seene nothing then.

Em.

Em. Nor euer heard, nor euer did suspect.
Oth. Yes, and you haue seene *Cassio* and she together.
Em. But then I saw no harme, and then I heard
Each sillable that breath made vp betweene'em.
Oth What, did thy neuer whisper?
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o'the way?
Em. Neuer.
Oth To fetch her fan, her mask, her gloues, nor nothing
Em. Neuer, my Lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Em I durst my Lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay downe my soule at stake: if you thinke other,
Remoue your thought, it doth abuse your bosome,
If any wretch ha put this in your head,
Let heauen require it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest chaste, and true,
There's no man happy, the purest of their wiues,
Is foule as slander. *Exit* Emillia
Oth Bid her come hither, goe,
She sayes enough, yet she's a simple bawde,
That cannot say as much: this is a subtle whore,
A closet, locke and key, of villainous secrets,
And yet shee'l kneele and pray, I ha seene her do't
Enter Desdemona *and* Emillia,
Des. My Lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray chucke come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth Let me see your eyes--looke in my face.
Des What horrible fancy's this?
Oth Some of your function Mistrisse,
Leane procreants alone, and shut the dore,
Coffe, or cry hem, if any body come,
Your mistery, your mistery; nay dispatch.
Des. Vpon my knees, What does your speech import?
I vnderstand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des

Def. Your wife my Lord, your true and loyall wife.
Oth. Come, ſweare it, dam thy ſelfe,
Leſt being like one of heauen, the deuills themſelues
Should feare to ceaſe thee, therefore be double dambd;
Sweare thou art honeſt.
Def. Heauen doth truely know it.
Oth. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord, with whom? how am I falſe?
Oth. O *Deſdemona*, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heauy day, why do you weepe?
Am I the occaſion of thoſe teares my Lord?
If haply you my father doe ſuſpect,
An inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me; if you haue loſt him,
Why I haue loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heauen
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kindes of ſores, and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in pouerty, to the very lips,
Giuen to captiuity, me and my hopes,
I ſhould haue found in ſome part of my ſoule
A drop of patience; but alas, to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of ſcorne,
To point his ſlow vnmouing finger at—oh, oh,
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well.
But there, where I haue garner'd vp my heart,
Where either I muſt liue, or beare no life,
The fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or elſe dryes vp, to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a ciſterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in: turne thy complexion there,
Patience thy young and roſe-lip'd Cherubin,
I here looke grim as Hell.
Def. I hope my noble Lord eſteemes me honeſt.
Oth. O I, as ſummers flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken euen with blowing:
O thou black weed, why art ſo louely faire?
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet, that the ſence akes at thee,

Would

Would thou hadſt ne're bin borne.
Def. Alas, what ignorant ſinne haue I committed?
Oth. Was this faire paper, this moſt goodly booke,
Made to write whore vpon?—What committed?
Committed: Oh thou publike Commoner;
I ſhould make very forges of my cheekes,
That would to cinders burne vp modeſtie,
Did I but ſpeake thy deeds: what committed?
Heauen ſtops the noſe at it, and the Moone winkes;
The bawdy wind that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſht within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't:—what committed,—impudent ſtrumpet,
Def. By heauen you doe me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Chriſtian:
If to preſerue this veſſell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaued.
Oth. Iſt poſſible?
Def. O heauen forgiue vs.
Oth. I cry you mercy then,
I tooke you for that cunning whore of *Veniſe*, *Enter* Emilia.
That married with *Othello*: You miſtriſſe,
That haue the office oppoſite to S. *Peter*,
And keepes the gates in hell; you, you, I, you;
We ha done our courſe; there's money for your paines,
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counſell. *Exit.*
Em. Alas, what does this Gentleman conceiue:
How doe you Madam? how doe you my good Lady:
Def. Faith halfe a ſleepe.
Em. Good Madam, what's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With who?
Em. Why, with my Lord, Madam.
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Em. He that is yours, ſweet Lady.
Def. I ha none, doe not talke to me *Emilia*,

I cannot weepe, nor answere haue I none,
But what should goe by water: prethee to night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy husband hither.
Em. Here is a change indeed. *Exit.*
Des. Tis meet I should be vsde so, very meet,
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small'st opinion on my least misuse. *Enter* Iago
Iag. What is your pleasure Madam? *and* Emilia.
How i'st with you?
Des. I can not tell: those that doe teach young babes,
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes;
He might ha chid me so, for in good faith,
I am a childe to chiding.
Iag. What is the matter Lady?
Em. Alas *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such despite, and heauy termes vpon her,
As true hearts can not beare.
Des. Am I that name *Iago*?
Iag What name faire Lady?
Des. Such as she sayes my Lord did say I was.
Em. He call'd her whore; a begger in his drinke,
Could not haue layed such tearmes vpon his Callet.
Iag. Why did he so?
Des. I doe not know, I am sure I am none such.
Iag. Doe not weepe, doe not weepe: alas the day.
Em. Has she forsooke so many noble matches,
Her Father, and her Countrey, and her Friends,
To be cald whore? would it not make one weepe?
Des. It is my wretched fortune.
Iag. Beshrew him for it: how comes this tricke vpon him?
Des. Nay, heauen doth know.
Em. I will be hangd, if some eternall villaine,
Some busie and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cousening slaue, to get some office,
Haue not deuisde this slander, Ile be hang'd else.
Iag. Fie, there is no such man it is impossible.
Des. If any such there are heauen pardon him.

Em.

Em. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones:
Why should he call her whore? who keepes her company?
What place, what time, what forme, what likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous knaue;
Some base notorious knaue, some scuruy fellow;
O heauen, that such companions thoudst vnfold,
And put in euery honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascall, naked through the world,
Euen from the east to'th west.
Iag. Speake within dores.
Em. O fie vpon him; some such squire he was,
That turnd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.
Iag. You are a foole, goe to.
Des. O good *Iago*,
What shall I doe to win my Lord againe?
Good friend goe to him, for by this light of heauen,
I know not how I lost him.
Here I kneele:
If ere my will did trespasse 'gainst his loue,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine eares, or any sence,
Delighted them in any other forme;
Or that I doe not yet, and euer did,
And euer will (though he doe shake me off
To beggerly diuorcement,) loue him deerely:
Comfort forsweare me; vnkindnesse may doe much,
And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,
But neuer taint my loue, I can not say whore,
It doth abhorre me, now I speake the word,
To doe the act, that might th'addition earne,
Not the worlds masse of vanity could make me.
Iag. I pray you be content, tis but his humour,
The businesse of the State does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Des. If t'were no other.
Iag. Tis but so, I warrant you:
Harke how these Instruments summon you to supper.

The meate, great Messengers of *Venice* stay;
Goe in, and weepe not, all things shall be well. *Exit women.*
How now *Roderigo?* *Enter* Roderigo.

Rod. I doe not finde that thou dealst iustly with me.

Iag. What in the contrary?

Rod. Euery day thou doffest me, with some deuise *Iago*; and rather, as it seemes to me now, kee'pst from me all conueniency, then supplyest me with the least aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer indure it, nor am I yet perswaded to put vp in peace, what already I haue foolishly suffered.

Iag. Will you heare me *Roderigo?*

Rod. Sir, I haue heard too much,
For your words and performance,
Are no kin together.

Iag. You charge me most vniustly.

Rod. With nought but trueth: I haue wasted my selfe out of meanes; the Iewels you haue had from me, to deliuer to *Desdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votarist: you haue told me she has receiu'd em, and I return'd me expectation, and comforts, of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iag. Well, goe to, very well.

Rod. Very well, goe to, I can not go to (man,) nor t'is not very well; I say t'is very scuruy, and begin to find my selfe fopt in it.

Iag. Very well.

Rod. I say it is not very well: I will make my selfe known to *Desdemona*; if she will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my suite, and repent my vnlawfull sollicitation, if not, assure your selfe, Ile seeke satisfaction of you.

Iag. You haue saide now.

Rod. I, and saide nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iag. Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and euen from this instant, doe build on thee a better opinion then euer before; giue me thy hande *Roderigo*: Thou hast taken against mee a most iust conception, but yet I protest, I haue dealt most directly in thy affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iag. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd, and your suspition is not with-

without witte and iudgement: But *Roderigo*, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I haue greater reason to beleeue now, then euer, I meane, purpose, courage, and valour; this night shew it; if thou the next night following enioyest not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deuise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, is it within reason and compasse?

Iag. Sir, there is especiall commission come from *Venice*,
To depute *Cassio* in *Othello's* Place.

Rod. Is that true? why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*
Returne againe to *Venice*.

Iag. O no, he goes into *Mauritania*, and takes away with him
The faire *Desdemona*, vnlesse his abode be linger'd
Here by some accident, wherein none can be so determinate,
As the remouing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you meane remouing of him?

Iag. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place,
Knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to doe.

Iag. I, and if you dare doe your selfe a profit and right; he sups to night with a harlotry, and thither will I goe to him; —he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelue and one, you may take him at your pleasure: I will be neere to second your attempt, and he shall fall betweene vs: come, stand not amaz'd at it, but goe along with me, I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall thinke your selfe bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time, and the night growes to wast: about it.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iag. And you shall be satisfied. *Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Lodouico, Emillia,
and Attendants.

Lod. I doe beseech you sir, trouble your selfe no further.
Oth. O pardon me, it shall doe me good to walke.
Lod. Madam, good night, I humbly thanke your Ladiship.
Des. Your Honour is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walke sir: —O *Desdemona*.

Def. My Lord.

Oth. Get you to bed o'the inſtant, I will be return'd, forthwith diſpatch your Attendant there,—looke it be done. *Exeunt.*

Def. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now? he lookes gentler then he did.

Def. He ſaies he will returne incontinent:
He hath commanded me to goe to bed,
And bade me to diſmiſſe you.

Em. Diſmiſſe me?

Def. It was his bidding, therefore good *Emillia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu,
VVe muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Em. VVould you had neuer ſeene him.

Def. So would not I, my loue doth ſo approue him,
That euen his ſtubborneſſe, his checks and frownes,
(Prethee vnpin me) haue grace and fauour in them.

Em. I haue laied thoſe ſheets you bad me on the bed.

De. All's one, good father; how fooliſh are our minds;
If I doe die before thee, prethee ſhrowd me
In one of thoſe ſame ſheets.

Em. Come, come, you talke.

Def. My mother had a maid cal'd *Barbary*,
She was in loue, and he ſhe lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forſake her, ſhe had a ſong of willow,
An old thing t'was, but it expreſt her fortune,
And ſhe died ſinging it, that ſong to night
VVill not goe from my mind:
I haue much to doe;
But to goe hang my head all at one ſide, and ſing it like poore *Barbary*; prethee diſpatch.

Em. Shall I goe fetch your night-gowne?

Def. No, vnpin me heere.
This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Em. A very hand ſome man.

Def. He ſpeakes well.

Em. I know a Lady in *Venice*, would haue walk'd barefooted to *Paleſtine*, for a touch of his neither lip.

Deſ-

Deſdemona *ſings.*

The poore ſoule ſate ſighing by a ſicamour tree,
ſing all a green willow,
Her hand on her boſome, her head on her knee,
ſing willow, willow, willow;
The freſh ſtreames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes,
ſing willow, willow, willow,
Her ſalt teares fell from her, which ſoftned the ſtones,
ſing willow, &c. (Lay by theſe.)
willow, willow.
(Prethee hie thee, he'le come anon.)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.

Let nobody blame him, his ſcorne I approue:
(Nay, that's not next: harke, who's that knocks?)

Em. T'is the winde.

Def. *I call'd my loue falſe, but what ſayd he then?*
ſing willow, willow, willow,
If I court mo women, youle couch with mo men.
So, get thee gon, good night, mine eyes doe itch,
Does that boade weeping?

Em. Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I haue heard it ſaide ſo: O theſe men, theſe men:
Doſt thou in conſcience thinke (tell me *Emillia*,)
That there be women doe abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſſe kindes?

Em. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a thing, for all the world?

Em. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heauenly light.

Em. Nor I neither, by this heauenly light,
I might as well doe it in the darke.

Def. Wouldſt thou doe ſuch a deed, for all the world?

Em. The world is a huge thing, it is a great price,
For a ſmall vice.

Def. In troth I thinke thou wouldſt not.

Em. In troth I thinke I ſhould, and vndo't when I had done it,

mary

mary I would not doe ſuch a thing for a ioynt-ring, or for meaſures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticotes, or Caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world: why who would not make her husband a Cuckold to make him a Monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for it.

Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would doe ſuch wrong
For the whole world.

Em. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world; and hauing the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Deſ. I doe not thinke there is any ſuch woman.

Em. Yes, a dozen, and as many to the vantage, as would ſtore the world they played for.
But I doe thinke it is their husbands faults,
If wiues doe fall: (ſay that they ſlack their duties,
And poure our treaſures into forreigne laps,
Or elſe breake out in peeuiſh iealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint vpon vs; or ſay they ſtrike vs,
Or ſcant our former hauing in deſpight,)
Why we haue galles, and though we haue ſome grace,
Yet haue we ſome reuenge: Let husbands know
Their wiues haue ſence like them; they ſee, and ſmell,
And haue their pallats both for ſweet and ſowre,
As husbands haue: what is it that they doe,
When they change vs for others? is it ſport?
I thinke it is; and doth affection breed it?
I thinke it doth; is't frailty that thus erres?
It is ſo too; and haue not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailtie as men haue?
Then let em vſe vs well, elſe let em know,
The ills we doe, their ills inſtruct vs ſo.

Deſ. Good night, good night, heauen me ſuch vſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus 5. Scœna 1.

Enter Iago *and* Roderigo.

Iag. HEre ſtand behind this bulke, ſtrait will he come,
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home,

Quicke

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing, Ile be at thy elbow;
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke of that,
And fixe more firme thy reſolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iag. Here at thy hand, be bold, and take thy ſtand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed;
And yet he has giuen me ſatisfying reaſons;
Tis but a man gon: forth my ſword, he dies.

Iag. I haue rubd this young Quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he growes angry, now, whether he kill *Caſsio*,
Or *Caſsio* him, or each doe kill the other,
Euery way makes my game; liue *Roderigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large,
For Gold and Iewells that I bobd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*:
It muſt not be, if *Caſsio* doe remaine,
He has a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfould me to him; there ſtand I in much perrill:
No, he muſt die, be't ſo, I heare him comming.

Enter Caſsio.

Rod. I know his gate, tis he; villaine thou dieſt.

Caſ. That thruſt had bin my enemy indeed,
But that my coate is better then thou know'ſt;
I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. O, I am ſlaine.

Caſ. I am maimd for euer, light ho, murder,

Enter Othello.

Oth. The voice of *Caſsio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

Rod. O villaine that I am.

Oth. Harke, tis euen ſo.

Caſ. O helpe ho, light, a Surgeon.

Oth. Tis he, O braue *Iago*, honeſt and iuſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me; —minion, your deare lies dead,
And your vnbleſt fate hies; ſtrumpet I come;
Forth of my heart, thoſe charmes thine eyes are blotted,
Thy bed luſt-ſtaind, ſhall with luſts blood be ſpotted. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lodouico *and* Gratiano.

Caſ. What ho, no watch, no paſſage, murder, murder.
Gra. Tis ſome miſchance, the cry is very direfull.
Caſ. O helpe. *Lod.* Harke.
Rod. O wretched villaine.
Lod. Two or three grones, it is a heauy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits, let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry without more helpe.
Rod. Nobody come, then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago *with a light.*

Lod. Harke.
Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with lights and weapons.
Iag. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this that cries on murder?
Lod. I doe not know.
Iag. Did not you heare a cry?
Caſ. Here, here, for heauens ſake helpe me.
Iag. Whats the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello's* Antient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iag. What are you here that cry ſo grieuouſly?
Caſ. *Iago*, O I am ſpoil'd, vndone by villaines,
Giue me ſome helpe.
Iag. O me, Lieutenant, what villaines haue don this?
Caſ. I thinke the one of them is here about,
And cannot make away.
Iag. O treacherous villaines;
What are you there? come in and giue ſome helpe.
Rod. O, helpe me here.
Caſ. That's one of em.
Iag. O murderous ſlaue, O villaine. *Thruſts him in.*
Rod. O damb'd *Iago*, O inhumaine dog, —o, o, o.
Iag. Kill men i'the darke? where be thoſe bloody theeues?
How ſilent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder:
What may you be? are you of good or euill?
Lod. As you ſhall prooue vs, praiſe vs.
Iag. Seignior *Lodouico.*
Lod. He ſir.
Iag. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſsio* hurt by villaines.

Gra. *Caſsio.*
Iag. How is it brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iag. Mary heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bia. What is the matter ho, who i'ſt that cried?
Iag. Who i'ſt that cried?
Bia. O my deare *Caſsio*, O my ſweet *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*.
Iag. O notable ſtrumpet: *Caſsio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be that thus haue mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to find you thus, I haue bin to ſeeke you.
Iag. Lend me a garter, ſo; —oh for a chaire to beare him eaſily hence.
Bia. Alas he faints; O *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*, *Caſsio*.
Iag. Gentlemen all, I doe ſuſpect this Traſh
To beare a part in this iniurie: patience a while good *Caſsio*;
Come, come, lend me a light:
Know wee this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my deare countrey man:
Roderigo? no, yes ſure; yes, tis *Rederigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iag. Euen he ſir, did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Ia. Seignior *Gratiano*, I cry you gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners:
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iag. How doe you *Caſsio?* O, a chaire, a chaire.
Gra. *Roderigo?*
Iag. He, tis he: O that's well ſaid, a chaire;
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generalls Surgeon: for you miſtriſſe,
Saue you your labour, he that lies ſlaine here, (*Caſsio*,)
Was my deare friend; what malice was betwixt you?
Caſ. None in the world, nor doe I know the man.
Iag. What, looke you pale? O beare him out o'the aire.

Stay you good Gentlewoman, looke you pale mistrisse?
Doe you perceiue the ieastures of her eye?
Nay, an you stirre, we shall haue more anon:
Behold her well I pray you, looke vpon her,
Doe you see Gentlemen? nay guiltinesse
Will speake, though tongues were out of vse. *Enter* Emi.
Em. 'Las what's the matter? what's the matter husband?
Iag. *Cassio* has here bin set on in the darke,
By *Roderigo*, and fellowes that are scap't,
Hee's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* dead.
Em. Alas good gentleman, alas good *Cassio*.
Iag. This is the fruite of whoring; prithee *Emillia*,
Goe know of *Cassio* where he supt to night:
What, doe you shake at that?
Bia. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iag. O did he so, I charge you goe with me.
Em. Fie vpon thee strumpet.
Bia. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you, that thus abuse me.
Em. As I; now fie vpon thee.
Iag. Kind Gentlemen, let's goe see poore *Cassio* dresst;
Come mistresse, you must tell's another tale.
Emillia, runne you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady what has hapt;
Will you goe on? I pray: This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.

Exeunt.

Enter Othello *with a light, and* Desdemona *in her bed.*

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soule,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste starres:
It is the cause, yet I le not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers then snow,
And smooth as monumentall alablaster;
Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more men,
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can againe thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thine,

Thou

Thou cunningst patterne of excelling nature,
I know not where is that promethian heate,
That can thy light relumine: when I haue pluckt the rose,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It must needs wither; I le smell it on the tree; *kisses her.*
A balmy breath, that doth almost perswade
Iustice her selfe to breake her sword: one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after: one more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne're so fatall: I must weepe,
But they are cruell teares: this sorrow's heauenly,
It strikes where it does loue: she wakes.
Des. Who's there? *Othello?*
Oth. I, *Desdemona.*
Des. Will you come to bed my Lord?
Oth. Haue you prayed to night, *Desdemona?*
Des. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your selfe of any crime,
Vnreconcil'd as yet to heauen and grace,
Solicite for it straite.
Des. Alas my Lord, what doe you meane by that?
Oth. Well, doe it, and be briefe, I will walke by,
I would not kill thy vnprepared spirit,
No, heauen fore-fend, I would not kill thy soule.
Des. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I doe.
Des. Then heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Des. And yet I feare you, for y'are fatall then,
When your eyes roule so: why I should feare, I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not, but yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy sinnes.
Des. They are loues I beare to you.
Oth. And for that thou diest.
Des. That deathe's vnnaturall, that kills for louing;
Alas, why knaw you so your neather lip:

Some

Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame,
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope
They doe not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo, what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchiefe which I ſo lou'd, and gaue thee,
Thou gaueſt to *Caſsio*.
Def. No, by my life and ſoule,
Send for the man and aske him.
Oth. Sweet ſoule take heed, take heed of periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, preſently:
Therefore confeſſe thee freely of thy ſinne,
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remoue, nor choake the ſtrong conception
That I doe groane withall: thou art to die.
Def. Then Lord haue mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay amen.
Def. And haue you mercy too:
I neuer did offend you in my life,—neuer lou'd *Caſsio*,
But with ſuch generall warranty of heauen,
As I might loue; I neuer gaue him token.
Oth. By heauen I ſaw my handkerchiefe in his hand:
O periur'd woman, thou doſt ſtone my heart;
And makſt me call, what I intend to doe,
A murder, which I thought a ſacrifice;
I ſaw the handkerchiefe.
Def. He found it then,
I neuer gaue it him, ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſſe a truth.
Oth. He has confeſt.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath—vſde thee.
Def. How, vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtop'd,

Honeſt

Honeſt *Iago* hath tane order for't.
Def. My feare interprets then,—what is he dead?
Oth. had all his haires bin liues,
My great reuenge had ſtomacke for em all.
Def. Alas he is betraid, and I vndone,
Oth. O ſtrumpet,—weepeſt thou for him to my face?
Def. O banniſh me my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe ſtrumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, an you ſtriue.
Def. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being don, there is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer. *he ſtifles her.*
Oth. Tis to late. Emillia *calles within.*
Em. My Lord, my Lord, what hoe, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What voyce is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet merciſull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine; —ſo, ſo.
Em. What ho, my Lord, my Lord.
Oth. Who's there?
Em. O good my Lord, I'de ſpeake a word with you.
Oth. Yes, tis *Emillia*, by and by: ſhee's dead:
Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſsios* death;
The noyſe was heere; ha, no more mouing,
Still as the graue: ſhall ſhe come in? were't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe; no, what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'le ſure ſpeake to my wife.
My wife, my wife, what wife? I ha no wife:
O inſupportable; O heauy houre.
Me thinks it ſhould be now a huge Ecclips
Of Sun and Moone, and that the affrighted Globe,
Should yawne at alteration.
Em. I do beſeech you I may ſpeake with you,—O good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgotten thee: come in *Emillia*:
Soft, by and by: let me the curtaines draw. *Enter* Emillia.
Where art thou? whats the matter with thee now?
Em. O my good Lord, yonder's foule murders done.
Oth. What? now?

Em.

Em. But now my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neere the earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Em. *Cassio* my Lord has kil'd a young *Venetian*,
Cal'd *Roderigo*.
Oth. *Roderigo* kild, and *Cassio* kild?
Em. No, *Cassio* is not kild.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kild? then murder's out of tune,
And sweet reuenge growes harsh.
Des. O falsly, falsly murdered.
Em. Alas, what cry is that?
Oth. That, what?
Em. Out and alas, it was my Ladies voyce,
Helpe, helpe, ho helpe, O Lady speake againe.
Sweet *Desdemona*, O sweet mistresse speake.
Des. A guiltlesse death I die.
Em. O who has done this deed?
Des. Nobody, I my selfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord, O farewell. *she dies.*
Oth. Why how should she be murdered?
Em. Alas, who knowes?
Oth. You heard her say, her selfe, it was not I.
Em. She sayd so, I must needs report a truth.
Oth. She's like a lyer gone to burning hell,
T'was I that kild her.
Em. O, the more Angell she,
And you the blacker deuill.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Em Thou doest bely her and thou art a deuill.
Oth. She was false as water.
Em. Thou art rash as fire,
To say that she was false: O she was heauenly true.
Oth. *Cassio* did top her, aske thy husband else,
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed vpon iust grounds
To this extremity, thy husband knew it all.
Em. My husband:

Oth. Thy husband.
Em. That she was false to wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Cassio*: nay, had she bin true,
If heauen would make me such another world,
Of one intire and perfect Crisolite,
I'de not haue sold her for it.
Em. My husband?
Oth. I, twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That stickes on filthy deedes.
Em. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iteration? woman, I say thy husband.
Em. Oh Mistres, villany hath made mockes with loue:
My husband say that she was false?
Oth. He woman, I say thy husband; dost vnderstand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest *Iago*.
Em. If he say so, may his pernitious soule
Rot halfe a graine a day; he lies to'th heart,
She was too fond of her most filthy bargaine.
Oth. Ha?
Em. Doe thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Em. Thou hast not halfe the power to doe me harme,
As I haue to be hurt: O gull, O dolt,
As ignorant as durt; thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword, Ile make thee know,
Tho I lost twenty liues: helpe, helpe, O helpe;
The Moore has kild my Mistresse, murder, murder.

Enter Montano, Gragantio, Iago, *and others.*
Mon. What is the matter? how now Generall?
Em O, are you come *Iago*? you haue done well,
That men must lay their murder on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Em. Disproue this villaine, if thou bee'st a man;
He sayes thou toldst him that his wife was false;

I know thou dist not, thou art not such a villaine:
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iag. I told him what I thought, and told no more,
Then what he found himselfe was apt and true.
Em. But did you euer tell him she was false?
Iag. I did.
Em. You told a lie, an odious damned lie;
Vpon my soule a lie, a wicked lie:
She false with *Cassio*; did you say with *Cassio*?
Iag. With *Cassio* mistresse; go to, charme your tongue.
Em. I will not charme my tongue, I am bound to speake;
My Mistresse here lies murdered in her bed.
All. Oh heauens forefend.
Em. And your reports haue set the murderer on.
Oth. Nay, stare not masters, it is true indeed.
Gra. Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Em. Villany, villany, villany;
I thinke vpon't, I thinke, I smell a villany;
I thought so then; Ile kill my selfe for griefe,
O villany, villany.
Iag. What are you mad? I charge you get you home.
Em. Good Gentlemen let me haue leaue to speake;
Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perhaps *Iago*, I will ne're goe home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh. Oth. *falls on the bed.*
Em. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare,
For thou hast kild the sweetest innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. O she was foule:
I scarce did know you Vncle, there lies your Niece,
Whose breath indeed, these hands haue newly stopt;
I know this act shewes terrible and grim.
Gr. Poore *Desdemona*, I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy match was mortall to him, and pure griefe
Shore his old thread in twaine: did he liue now,
This sight would make him doe a desperate turne,
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,

And

And fall to reprobation.
Oth. Tis pittifull, but yet *Iago* knowes,
That she with *Cassio*, had the act of shame
A thousand times committed; *Cassio* confest it:
And she did gratifie his amorous workes,
With that recognisance and pledge of loue,
Which I first gaue her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchiefe, an antique token
My Father gaue my Mother.
Em. O heauen, O heauenly powers.
Iag. Come, hold your peace.
Em. Twill out, twill out: I hold my peace sir, no,
Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north;
Let heauen, and men, and deuils, let em all,
All, all cry shame against me, yet Ile speake.
Iag. Be wise, and get you home.
Em. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your sword vpon a woman?
Em. O thou dull Moore, that handkerchiefe thou speakst on,
I found by fortune, and did giue my husband:
For often with a solemne earnestnesse,
(More then indeed belong'd to such a trifle,)
He beg'd of me to steale it.
Iag. Villainous whore.
Em. She gaue it *Cassio*? no, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my husband.
Iag. Filth, thou liest.
Em. By heauen I doe not, I doe not Gentlemen,
O murderous Coxcombe! what should such a foole
Doe with so good a woman?
The Moore runs at Iago. Iago *kills his wife.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heauen,
But what serues for the thunder? pernitious villaine.
Gra. The woman falls, sure he has kild his wife.
Em. I, i, O lay me by my mistresse side. *Exit* Iago.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kild.
Mon. Tis a notorious villaine, take your weapon,
Which I haue here recouered from the Moore:

Come, guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather; Ile after that ſame villaine,
For tis a damned ſlaue. *Exit* Mont. *and* Gratiano.
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But euery puny whipſter gets my ſword:
But why ſhould honour out-liue honeſty?
Let it goe all.
Em. What did thy ſong bode Lady?
Harke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And die in muſicke; *willow, willow, willow.*
Moore, ſhe was chaſt, ſhe lou'd thee cruell Moore,
So come my ſoule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true;
So ſpeaking as I thinke, I die, I die. *She dies.*
Oth. I haue another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of *Spaine*, the Iſebrookes temper:
O here it is; Vncle, I muſt come forth. *Gra. within.*
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere,
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake to me,
Or naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold, I haue a weapon,
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Soldiers thigh: I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little arme, and this good ſword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your ſtop: but O vaine boaſt,
Who can controule his fate? tis not ſo now.
Be not affraid, though you doe ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my iournies end, here is my butte,
The very Sea-marke of my vtmoſt ſaile.
Doe you goe backe diſmaid? tis a loſt feare,
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello's* breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* goe?
How doſt thou looke now? O ill ſtar'd wench,
Pale as thy ſmocke; when we ſhall meet at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my ſoule from heauen,
And fiends will ſnatch at it: cold, cold, my girle,

Euen

Euen like thy chaſtity: O curſed ſlaue:
Whip me you deuills,
From the poſſeſſion of this heauenly ſight,
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe downe gulphes of liquid fire:
O *Deſdemona, Deſdemona*; dead, O, o, o.

Enter Lodouico, Montano, *and officers*,
Caſſio *in a chaire*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt infortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello*, here I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper? bring the villaine forth.
Oth. I looke downe towards his feet, but that's a fable,
If that thou beeſt a deuill I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iag. I bleed ſir, but not kil'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry neither, I'de haue thee liue,
For in my ſenſe tis happineſſe to dye.
Lod. O thou *Othello*, that wert once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a damned ſlaue,
What ſhould be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing.
An honourable murderer if you will;
For nought did I in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villainy:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio's* death?
Oth. I.
Ca. Deare Generall, I did neuer giue you cauſe.
Oth. I doe beleeue it, and I aske you pardon;
Will you I pray, demaund that demy deuill,
Why he hath thus inſnar'd my ſoule and body?
Iag. Demand me nothing, what you know you know;
From this time forth I neuer will ſpeake word.
Lod. What, not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doeſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall vnderſtand what hath befalne,
Which, as I think you know not: here is a letter,

 Found

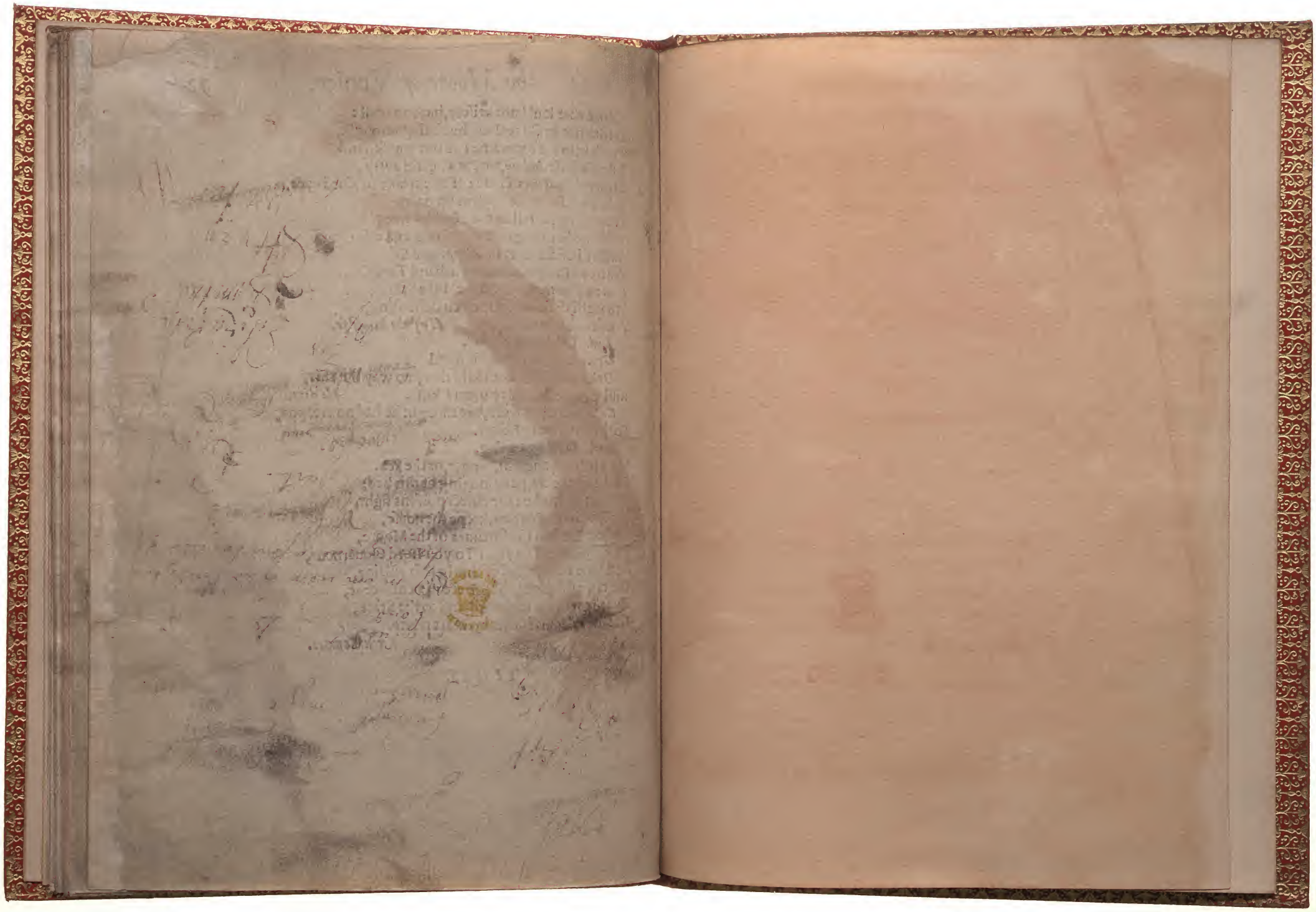
Found in the pocket of the slaine *Roderigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be vndertooke by *Roderigo*.
Oth. O villaine.
Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.
Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernitious catieffe!
How came you *Cassio* by a handkerchiefe
That was my wifes?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himselfe confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O foole, foole, foole.
Cas. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter,
How he obraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*: For this slaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you goe;
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these vnlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice: then you must speake,

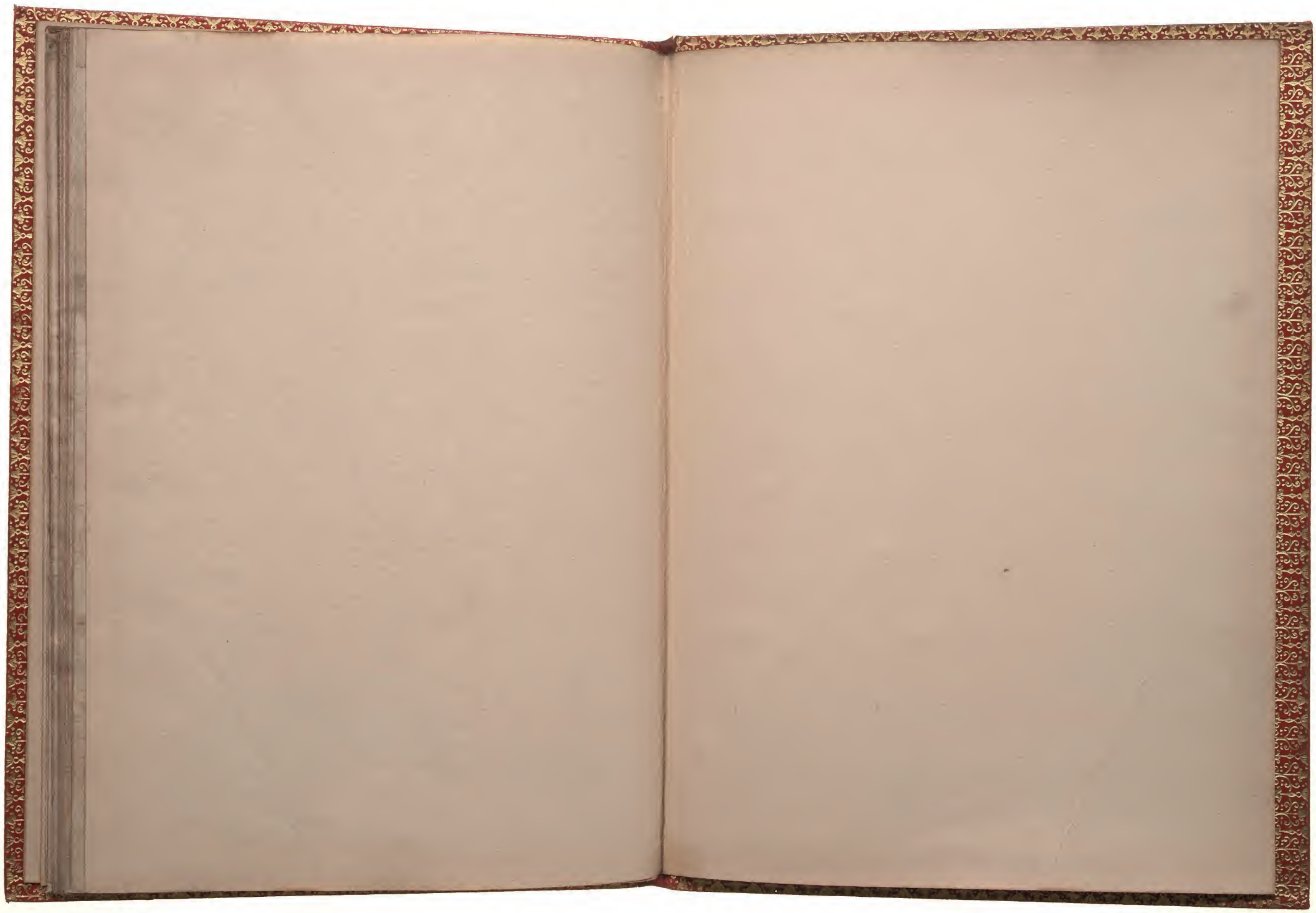
Of

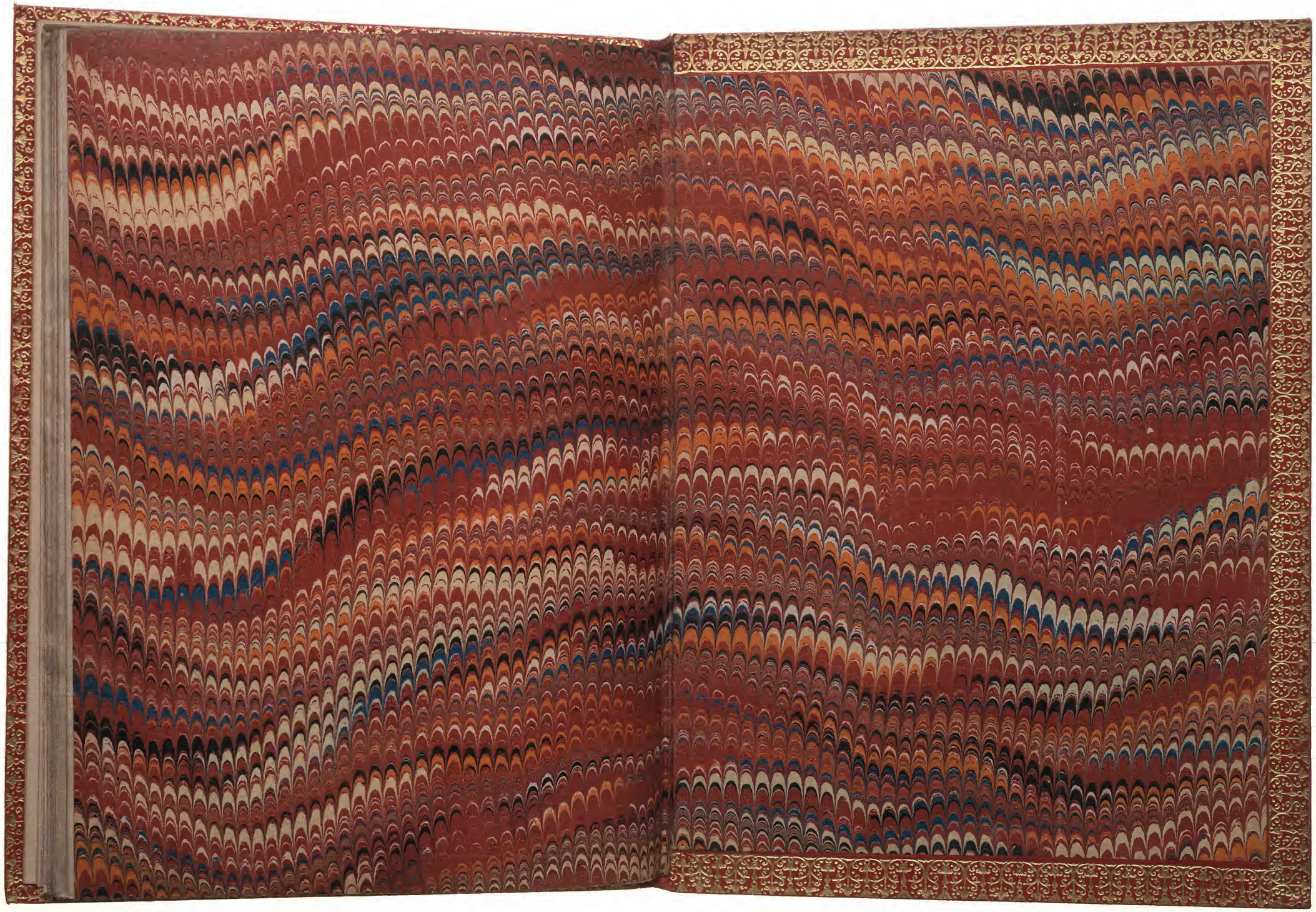
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extreame: of one whose hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
Drop teares, as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinall gum: Set you downe this;
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband *Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State;
I tooke bi'th throate the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. *He stabs himselfe.*
Lod. O bloody period.
Gra. All that's spoke is mard.
Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse. *He dies.*
Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea.
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed,
This is thy worke; the obiect poisons sight,
Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeed to you: To you Lord Gouernour,
Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
The time, the place, the torture; O enforce it,
My selfe will strait aboord, and to the State,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

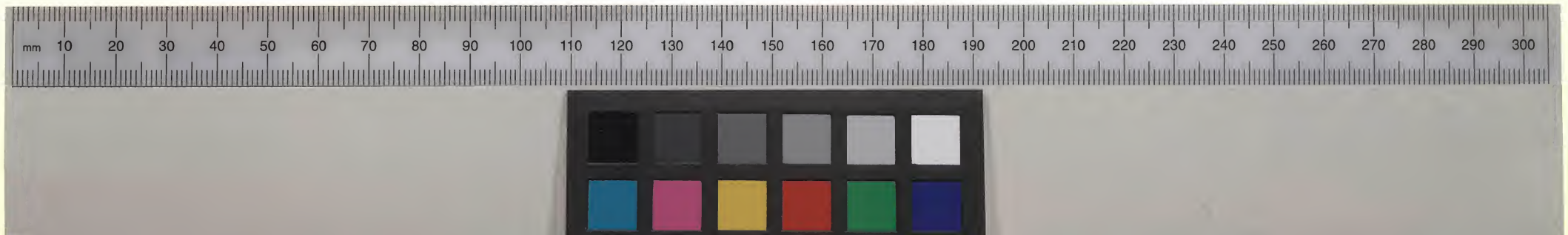
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.





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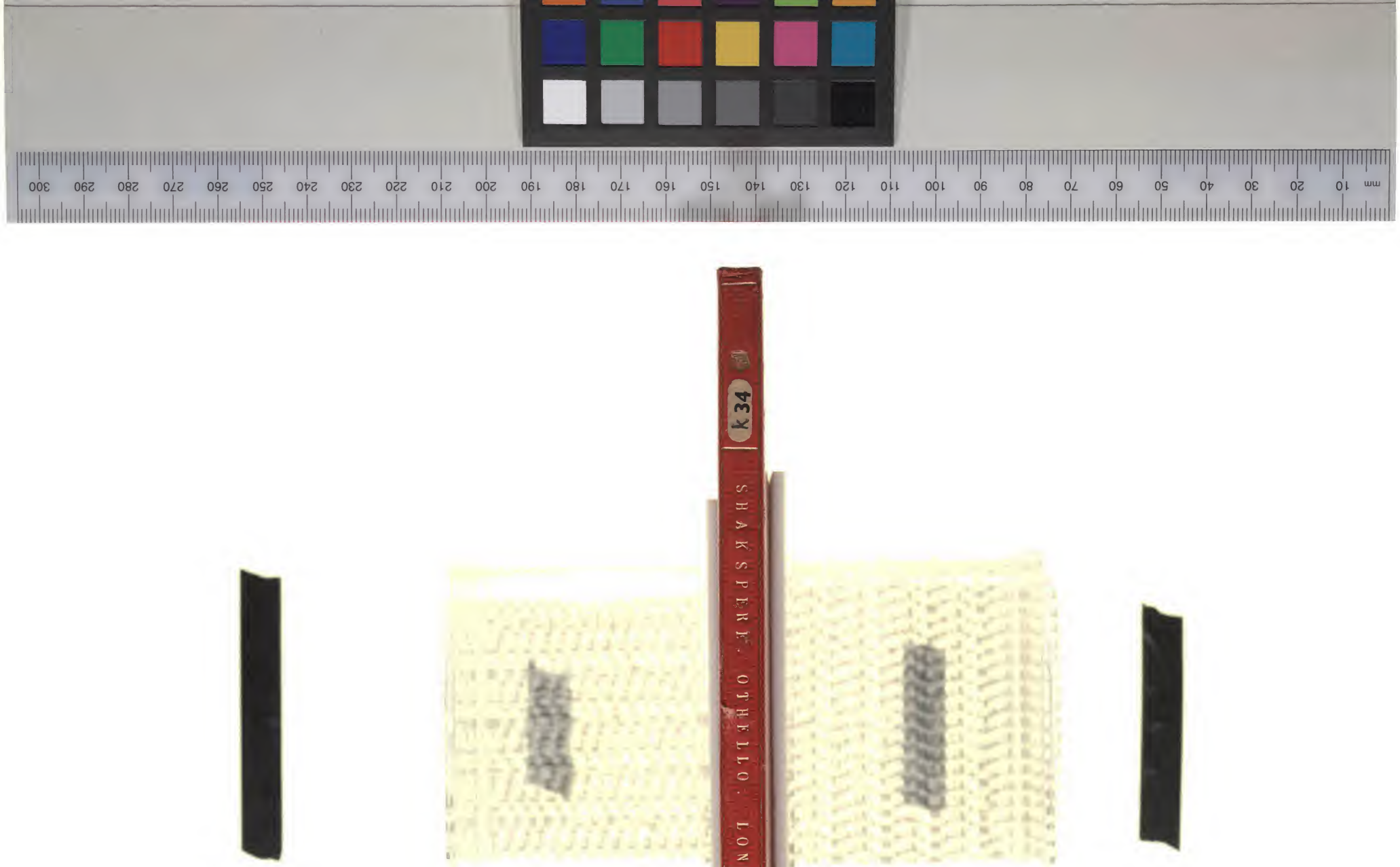
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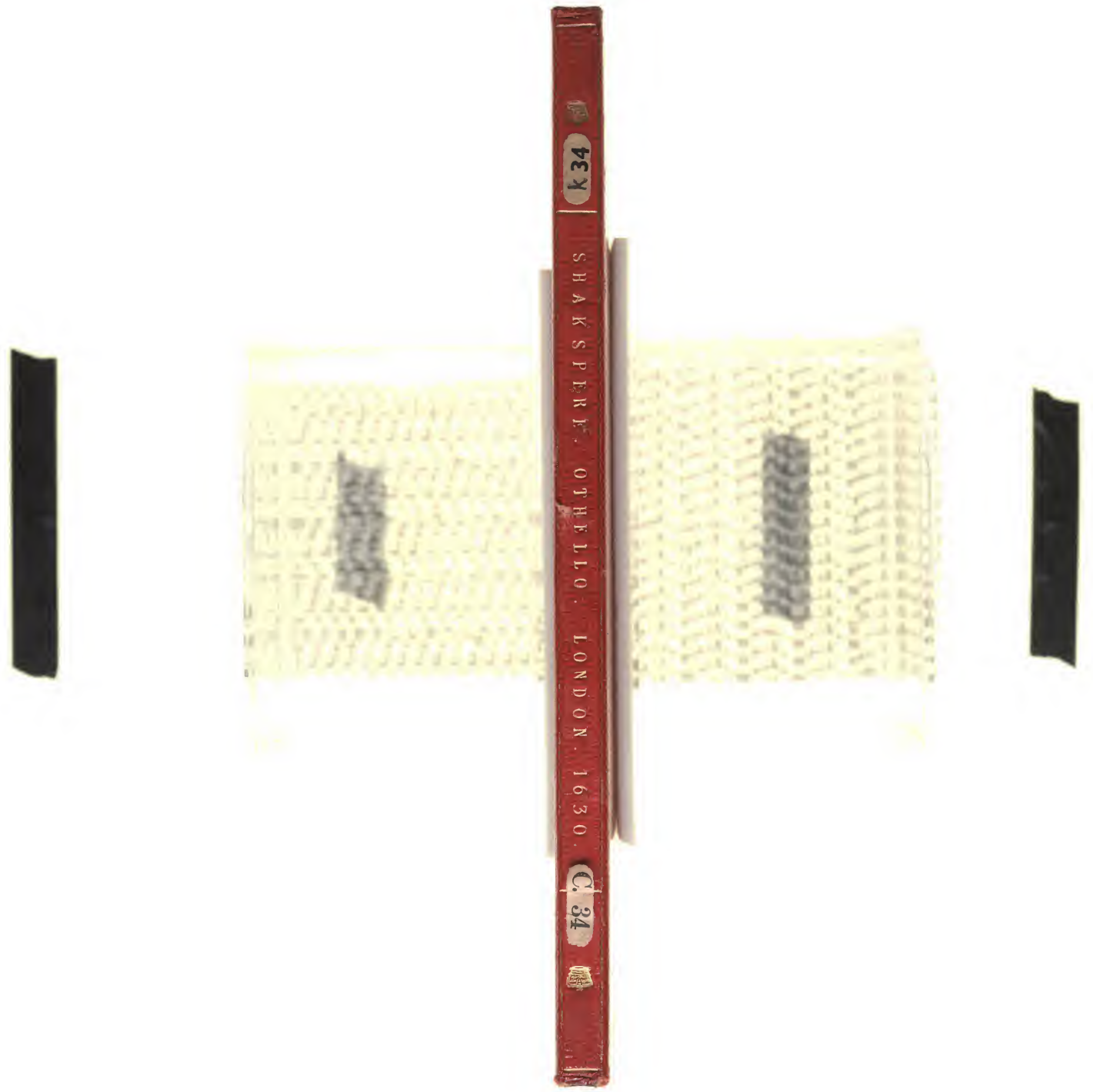
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